

75 CENTS

JUNE 16, 1975

TIME



The
New
Beauties

Margaux
Hemingway

How New York
Went Broke

The Galliano desserts.

Three simply beautiful ways
to end a meal:

Ice Cream à la Galliano.

Pour 1 ounce of Liquore Galliano
over your favorite ice cream.

Roman Coffee.

Pour 1 ounce of Liquore Galliano
into a cup, add a teaspoon of
sugar. Pour hot, strong coffee to
½ inch of top. Swizzle, add
whipped cream.

Fresh Fruit Cocktail Galliano.

Pour 1 ounce of Liquore Galliano
over freshly-cut fruit assortment.

LIQUORE GALLIANO®

A LIQUEUR

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Marlene J. Murray, Pleasant Hills, Pennsylvania

Almost a continent apart, Marlene Murray and Jerry Thomas both developed a new self-perspective through the Dale Carnegie Course.

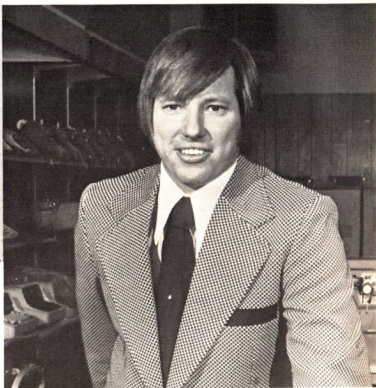
■ "I knew I lacked the self-confidence I needed," says Marlene. "In the Dale Carnegie Course, I learned to relax and be myself. The Course increased my confidence greatly and I learned to overcome my fear of saying the wrong thing.

"I take a greater part in church activities now and assume more responsibilities. I've learned to convey my interest and enthusiasm to my children and my husband. The Dale Carnegie Course has enriched my life and given me a new outlook in my daily living."

■ Before Jerry Thomas took the Course, he felt the need to be more at ease with people, both at work and at home.

"Since taking the Course, I'm more natural when talking to people, whether they're complete strangers or friends. Through closer listening, I realized how interesting other people can be. Even our employees noticed the changes in the way I work with them.

"Now that I have a greater belief in myself, I'm more effective in almost any situation."



Jerry Thomas, Partner, Thomas Office Products, San Carlos, California

"I have more mutual interests with my wife and children as a result of taking the Course. I'm sincerely responsive to what they have to say. All of us get a lot more enjoyment out of everyday living."

Added self-assurance, heightened interest in others, and improved ability to express one's ideas, are among the many benefits to be gained from the Dale Carnegie Course. It is offered in more than 1,000 U.S. communities, including all major cities and in 51 other countries. For more information call toll-free (800) 833-3753. In New York state, (800) 342-9833. Or write us today.



DALE CARNEGIE COURSE

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"She is a princess in a world desperately looking for diversion from inflation, devaluation, unemployment, revolution, coups, wars and death." European Correspondent William Rademakers' assessment of Princess Caroline of Monaco's special appeal applies more or less equally to Margaux Hemingway and the ten other young women chosen by TIME's bureau round the world as the collective subject of this week's cover story. For varying reasons—looks, talent, what Margaux would describe as the "snappin'" zest for life that she and Deborah Raffin have brought to modeling—all have arrived on the scene with their own claims to attention. Photographing "The

TED THIE

New Beauties" was an especially welcome diversion for TIME's Dirck Halstead. Since joining the magazine in 1972, Halstead has spent much of his time on various military and political battlefields. Between visits to Indochina to cover North Viet Nam's 1972 and 1975 offensives, he spent almost two years as TIME's White House photographer covering the painfully unfolding Watergate drama. Twelve of his pictures from that era became TIME covers. Says Halstead: "When I was told to travel around the U.S. and Europe shooting beautiful women, it was like a dream come true."

HALSTEAD SHOOTING RAFFIN

Halstead's assignment was to try to "portray the real girls journalistically, not stylistically." In his quest for the genuine, he sometimes found unusual props or received unexpected help. Spanish Heiress Carmen Rodríguez de Rivera blossomed while swinging from—all things—a block and tackle used to hoist bulls into her father's ring for a corrida. Actress Tessa Dahl's radiant smile came while shooting in London's Hyde Park, when Tessa looked past Dirck and saw a dog in the act of mistaking his camera bag for a fireplug.

MACINTOSH & MALLET

This assignment also provided diversion for some of TIME's own snappin' women in New York: Gina Mallet, who wrote the story, Martha Duffy, who edited it, and Amanda McIntosh, who researched it. At one point the three joined Ms. Hemingway in a Manhattan restaurant; they were halfway through lunch (cold lobster, white wine) before they could really understand her lickety-split, California-patois, but the interview turned out "okay-dokey artichoke," as Margaux would say. Mallet also talked with Model Beverly Johnson and interviewed Millionette Nicky Lane in her Visconti-decadent drawing room on Manhattan's East Side. Not all of the work on the cover was done in such appealing surroundings, but no one involved would quibble with Halstead, who says, "It was a once-in-a-lifetime assignment—but I hope not."

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Photograph by Dirck Halstead.

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If you smoke menthol.

Anybody who smokes knows there's a controversy about smoking going on.

And that most of the controversy is about 'tar' and nicotine.

Yet when we ask the average menthol smoker why he smokes a menthol cigarette, he almost always tells us that he smokes a menthol because it doesn't have a hot or a harsh or a scratchy taste.

Well, Vantage with menthol doesn't have a hot or a harsh or a scratchy taste either.

But what Vantage Menthol also doesn't have is anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine most of the other menthols have.

And that's something we thought a menthol smoker would want to know about.

Vantage Menthol tastes every bit as cool, every bit as refreshing as any menthol cigarette you ever smoked.

But it has only 11 milligrams 'tar' and 0.8 milligrams nicotine.

Don't get us wrong. That doesn't mean Vantage Menthol is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol around.

It does mean that Vantage Menthol is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette that you'll enjoy smoking.

You don't have to believe us.

All you have to do is try a pack.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

Some good reasons to buy a new home now that you didn't have last year.

No doubt about it. This is a most opportune time to buy that new home you want. Maybe the best time for a long time to come.

But there's one thing working against you. Time. The things we're talking about here can change quickly. Sometimes without much warning.

More attractive interest rates

Interest rates have fallen slowly, but consistently, for several months. But waiting for them to drop much more could be a mistake.

The economy is showing the first signs of recovery. When it finally heats up, both government and private businesses will need money to expand. And this may drive interest rates back up again. How soon and how far they'll rise, no one knows for sure.

More stable housing prices

Builders in many areas are doing their best to hold back prices. But like the rest of us, they're deeply troubled with rising costs. It's hard to say just how long they can hold the line. A recovering economy will push prices up, too, as people have more money to spend.

Keeping that in mind, let's see what might happen if you wait,

hoping that rates will drop, before you buy that home you like. Say you can get a 25-year \$20,000 mortgage, but the going interest rate is 9%. So you decide to wait awhile, and the rate *does* fall half a percent. But at the same time the price of the house goes up \$3,000. Where does that leave you?

In the first case, you would have paid \$168 per month. In the second case, even at the lower rate the larger mortgage would cost you \$185 per month. That's \$17 more! That's like penalizing yourself \$4080 over the life of the mortgage to "save" half a percent. Of course, every case is different, and nobody can predict for sure what's going to happen to prices and interest rates. But the hand-writing seems to be fairly clear.

More mortgage money available

It's easier to get mortgage money now than it was just a few months ago. Scraping together the down payment can be quite a feat. But it's worth the effort. Once you buy, you benefit from tax deductions and increases in property value renters don't enjoy.

Your lender can give you a better idea about money conditions in your area. One thing for sure,

once the economy gets turned around, money will get tighter.

5% Federal tax rebate

As an extra bonus, if you buy a brand new home in 1975, you may be able to knock a big chunk off your income taxes. In some cases, this tax credit makes such a difference, families using it will pay virtually no income taxes for a year. It'll pay you to check into it.

You'll have to meet certain requirements, of course. But they're not difficult. Your mortgage lender or Realtor will be happy to go over them with you. Do it soon, though, or you might miss the December 31 deadline.

Whatever you plan, though, you can count on this. Your lender will do everything possible to get you that new home you want.

Why are we telling you this?

Chicago Title Insurance Company is in the business of insuring titles to real estate, not providing mortgages or selling homes. It's just that after serving title needs for over 125 years, we've come to know how important mortgage lenders, Realtors and home builders are and how much they can help you.

We wanted you to know, too.



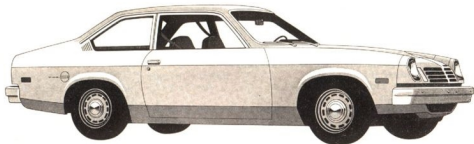
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to get good gas mileage.**



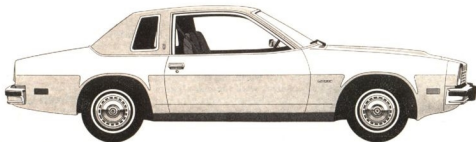
37 MPG

America, would you believe 37 mpg in the EPA highway test? An import? Not on your life. The '75 Chevy Vega Notchback, equipped with the standard 3-speed manual transmission and the available 140, 2-barrel engine, rated at 37 mpg in the U.S. Government EPA Federal highway test. And 23 mpg in the EPA city test. That's the kind of mile-

CHEVY VEGA NOTCHBACK \$2836*

age that makes sense today. And multiplying Vega's rated 16-gallon fuel tank capacity by the EPA highway rating, Vega has a potential highway driving range of up to 592 miles. Test-drive the 37-mile-per-gallon Vega at your Chevy dealer's today. It's got a lot to offer besides mileage.

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price, including the available 140-2 engine at \$50.00 and dealer new vehicle preparation charge. Destination charges, other available equipment, state and local taxes are additional.



34 MPG

Chevy's dressy new Monza Towne Coupe, equipped with the 2.3-litre, 2-barrel engine and 5-speed transmission you can order, is rated at 34 mpg in the U.S. Government EPA Federal highway test. And 21 mpg in the EPA city test. That offers you a

CHEVY MONZA TOWNE COUPE

potential highway driving range of up to 629 miles, when you multiply Monza's 18.5-gallon fuel tank capacity by the EPA highway rating. That's dynamite mileage. And Monza has a lot more to offer. So don't make any deal on an import till you check out your Chevy dealer's deal on a '75 Monza. Until July 2nd, Chevrolet is offering your Chevy dealer special incentives to encourage him to offer you **special savings opportunities** on all the Monza models.

Don't make any deal till you see your Chevy Dealer.

Chevrolet

The Selling of New York City

To the Editors:

If Manhattan goes on the block [May 26], I will bid 24 oil wells for it. If I get it, I will give Central Park back to the Indians.

Rudolph Dvorak
Fort Worth

Secretary of the Treasury William Simon's tasteless joke about selling New York City to the Shah of Iran can be charged to his Wall Street background. But Gotham is no item on the commodity market. You cannot barter the vision of Washington at the Treasury Building or at Frances Tavern. There can be no dollar value on the pride one feels passing the site on Grove Street, where Tom Paine spent his last days,



EMBATTLED CITY

or at the site of Stats Huys, where Peter Stuyvesant read the mandate making New Amsterdam a haven for all people for all time.

Our town has been buffeted by bankers and maligned by late-night opportunists, but it remains the seat of culture in America and a living symbol of our democracy; and 8 million of us, for all our complaints, love every inch of it; and no, Mr. Simon, New York is not for sale.

Paul O'Dwyer
President of the Council
New York City

As a former mayor of New York, I salute Secretary of the Treasury William Simon on his "friendly" suggestion.

At the turn of the century, some New York "slickers" are said to have tried to make a few dishonest dollars by "selling" the Brooklyn Bridge to unsophisticated visitors. Mr. Simon has now gone our slickers one better.

In 1964 the Republican presidential nominee advocated separating New York from the rest of the nation and al-

lowing it to float out to sea. Instead of casting off the nation's greatest city, Mr. Simon now proposes to make a neat profit through its sale, with municipal residents and assets being thrown in, no doubt, to sweeten the sale.

Mr. Simon is said to know the stock market; he should not sell New York so short.

Can it be that Mr. Simon shows contempt for New York and New Yorkers because most of them are Democrats and not Republicans?

Robert F. Wagner
New York City

Mr. Wagner, a Democrat first, last and always, was mayor of New York from 1954 to 1965.

All New York City need do to alleviate its financial crisis is to legalize prostitution, consider it entertainment, and tax accordingly.

Earl Bouche
West Haven, Conn.

Would You Live There?

By the time the technology for "colonizing space" [May 26] will have been perfected, the world's population will have doubled, at least. By that time 500,000 "space colonies" might have to be put in orbit. Where will the material needed for such colonies be found (without ruining the ecology of both the earth and the moon)? Who, above all, will be willing to live out there?

Joong Fang
Editor, Philosophia Mathematica
Norfolk, Va.

O'Neill's space colonization scheme "to relieve the earth's overcrowding" would be well worth the great expense if the colonists were the anti-abortionists and/or religious leaders who stand in the way of simpler solutions to the overpopulation problem.

William S. Doxey
Carrollton, Ga.

One of the many virtues of the space-city proposal is that it may provide the first convincing argument for extensive manned spaceflight.

The earth is almost fully explored and culturally homogenized. There are few places to which the discontented cutting edge of mankind can emigrate. There is no equivalent of the America of the 19th and early 20th centuries. But space cities provide a kind of America in the skies, an opportunity for affinity groups to develop alternative cultural, social, political, economic and technological life-styles. Almost all the soci-

eties on the earth today have not the foggiest notion of how best to deal with our complex and unknown future. Space cities may provide the social mutations that will permit the next evolutionary advance in human society. But this goal requires an early commitment to the encouragement of cultural diversity. Such a commitment might be a very fitting Bicentennial rededication to what is unique about the U.S.

Carl Sagan
Ithaca, N.Y.

Professor of astronomy and space sciences and director of the Laboratory for Planetary Studies at Cornell University. Dr. Sagan is the author of *The Cosmic Connection*.

We would be better off to put a plastic dome over Death Valley, air-condition it, pipe in the excess water we have in Lake Erie, and save millions of people instead of just a few thousand.

Sam P. Antine
Euclid, Ohio

A T.R. Kind of Guy

What the Senate must decide is whether Stan Hathaway [June 2] is what the public feared I was. People say I changed after I became Secretary of the Interior [under President Nixon, who later fired the independent Mr. Hickel]. Check a man's record. He seldom changes.

The job, as I see it, for the new Secretary is to bring about a meeting of the minds between the environmentalists and the producers. We cannot afford the negative attitude toward production that has crippled Great Britain. Without sacrificing the environment, production of all kinds can be increased, especially energy. This will depend on the Secretary of the Interior, who must be an imaginative, action-oriented person—a Teddy Roosevelt kind of guy.

Walter J. Hickel
Anchorage, Alaska

Writing Britain Off

Do not write the British off [May 26]. Read your history books. We have been around a long time now, and we are still the most civilized country in Europe. You can feel safe here as nowhere else, and that is why so many Americans make their homes with us. We are still your best ally, and we won't rat on you if it comes to a showdown. We don't talk much these days about the "special relationship," but everyone knows that it still exists. We share more than just a common language—our men have died side by side in two wars. As for our being "ungovernable," Eric Sevareid has been listening to too much saloon-bar talk.

William J. Selleck
Pulborough, England

Donovan on Foreign Policy

If the public would take the time to read Hedley Donovan's excellent Essay [May 19] on the need to change our perspective on foreign policy, there would be no "crisis" in our foreign policy.

Michael Conway
Bowling Green, Ohio

You blandly dismiss the obvious trends toward independent action free of U.S. domination that are now taking place in Latin America. Indeed, you state that Latin America has a "special relationship" with the U.S.

That relationship has been arrogantly assumed by us for well over a hundred years under such pronouncements as the Monroe Doctrine and the Platt Amendment. If America is to truly develop a new relationship with the world, it should start in its own hemisphere. Surely Latin American nations should be allowed the liberty to determine their own affairs free of the coercive influence of "the colossus of the north."

William Millsap
San Marcos, Texas

Full Steam

In the name of humanity, a poor country like mine has twice in the past 27 years given shelter to millions of refugees. Why are Americans so steamed up [May 26] over rehabilitating a mere 120,000 displaced Vietnamese?

(Mrs.) Perin Bharucha
Bombay

Rewriting Herstory

When you place some blame for the slow progress of feminism on "women's own reluctance to abandon their submissive roles" [May 26], I know you have not read elementary and secondary textbooks, which provide only this model for young girls while denying them knowledge of a herstory of the accomplishments of their foremothers. Real social change is indeed far off if we do not begin at the beginning.

Carolyn R. Benz
North Canton, Ohio

Continental Fault

In the story on land scandals in Florida [June 2] TIME incorrectly identified the firm that sold Floyd E. Campbell \$35,000 worth of promissory notes. The correct name of the firm is Continental Land Development One, Inc.—not, as reported, Continental Investments, Inc.

Jack E. White
TIME Correspondent
Atlanta

TIME regrets the error.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

TIME, JUNE 16, 1975

one incredible collar for fleas and ticks

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ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO
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By leasing a Volvo, you can put yourself into one of our new '75s. And still have money left to put into other things.

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AMERICAN NOTES

Guarding the Right to Vote

The Voting Rights Act of 1965 was the crowning achievement of the civil rights movement in the 1960s. Applying primarily to six Southern states, it suspended the literacy tests and other devices used to exclude black voters, empowered federal examiners to help with registration and required the states to get Justice Department approval of changes in voting regulations. The results have been impressive: 3.5 million blacks are registered in the South today, compared with 1 million in 1965. The number of Southern blacks holding elected office has jumped 2,000% to nearly 1,600.

Still, there is much room for improvement. Only 2% of Southern officeholders are black, and 2.5 million eligible blacks remain unregistered. Less than half the eligible Spanish-surnamed Americans in the Southwest are signed up at the polls. Last week, the House voted to extend the act another ten years and expand its provisions. Literacy tests would be banned nationwide; Texas and the parts of states with large Spanish-speaking populations would fall under the law, as would all of Alaska, many of whose natives speak no English; Asians in Hawaii and American Indians would be protected. The House bill is expected to be passed by the Senate. It remains for the Government to ensure that it is vigorously enforced.

Rush to Judgment

The people of Illinois have been treated in recent weeks to the spectacle of their state lawmakers engaging in their annual rite of spring: making "god-damn fools" of themselves, in the apt words of one representative, as they rush to complete the legislative agenda before the adjournment scheduled for June 30. Since some 4,500 measures had been introduced, legislators were forced to meet nights and weekends. As tempers flared, medics outside the chambers tested blood pressure, and sent two people to the hospital. One representative introduced a motion to permit members time each day for conjugal visits, either with their spouses or "other close associates of the opposite gender."

In the pell-mell push, the house passed five bills by votes of more than 130 to 0, although only about 30 of the 176 members were present. As the roll was called, legislators scamped about the floor to vote for absent colleagues. When even such stratagems failed to reduce the pile of legislation sufficiently, the Democratic leadership combined 168 bills into two packages and forced a vote on each without debate. Most of the legislators had no idea what they were considering, but they whipped the two through, 93 to 3 and 95 to 1.

In a moment of reflection, the house decided to recall 60 of the bills for separate consideration. But seemingly lost in the stampede were bills dealing with such issues as a cross-town expressway

for Chicago, a new election code and no-fault divorce. When one freshman senator objected to the legislature's methods, he was advised by Charles Chew, a black senator from Chicago who happens to be bald: "Boy, you take this thing too seriously. When I first came down here, I was white and had hair."

The Army Turns 200

On June 14, 1775, the U.S. Army was born when the Second Continental Congress authorized the recruitment of riflemen who, together with the militiamen holding off the British in Boston, became the army of the colonies. When George Washington assumed his command in Cambridge, Mass., almost three weeks later, he found that "confusion and disorder reigned in every department." The Army has come some way since then, and U.S. military installations round the world plan to mark the 200th anniversary this week with ceremonies and pageants. Later Army exhibits will emphasize contributions made by the military to civilian life. These include the building of the Panama Canal as well as some lesser-known examples of Army pioneering: development of freeze-dried foods and the invention of the aerosol can.

Nor Iron Bars a Cage

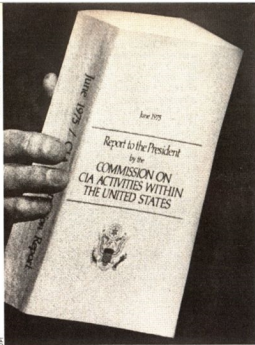
Art imitates life—or is it life that imitates art? Apparently both. First, in August 1971, there was the razzle-dazzle helicopter escape from a Mexico City prison of New York City Businessman Joel Kaplan, convicted of a murder he said never happened. Then, last month, came the movie *Breakout*, in which Charles Bronson whisks framed Murderer Robert Duval out of a Mexican prison in, yes, a helicopter. Finally, last week, a man hired a helicopter at Mettetal Airport in Plymouth, Mich., and, once aloft, pulled a knife and ordered Pilot Richard Jackson to fly to the State Prison of Southern Michigan in Jackson. The pilot set down within the walls and took aboard Inmate Dale Otto Remling, 46, who was serving six to ten years for larceny. The pickup took five seconds, only half the time Bronson planned, and Remling and his unidentified rescuer had the pilot land four miles north of the prison and escaped by car. In life as in art, not all escapes are successful. At week's end, police arrested Remling's alleged accomplices and recaptured the escapee himself in a Leslie, Mich., bar—only 15 miles from the prison.

HELICOPTER SNATCH SCENE FROM THE FILM *BREAKOUT*

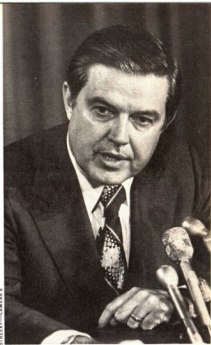




HOUSE CHAIRMAN NEDZI



FORD'S COPY OF THE ROCKEFELLER REPORT



SENATE CHAIRMAN CHURCH

CIA

Leaving Murky Murders to the Senate

Jauntily holding the 350-page document aloft for reporters to see, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller last week prepared to deliver to the White House his commission's report on the alleged improprieties and machinations of the CIA. "We've done a good job, I think," said Rockefeller. "There's been no stone unturned, there's no punches pulled." Then the Vice President gave a brief synopsis of the report on the agency, which his eight-man panel had been preparing for the past five months: "There are things that have been done that are in contradiction to the statutes, but in comparison to the total [CIA] effort, they are not major."

That tantalizing glimpse of the eagerly awaited report's contents was all that was vouchsafed the public. Accepting the volume four days later, President Gerald Ford took the report home for what he called a "long weekend's reading." Later, White House sources indicated that Ford would probably make the report public this week.

Domestic Spying. Initially, Rockefeller and his panel were commissioned by Ford to look into allegations about domestic spying—made principally by New York Times Reporter Seymour Hersh—that the CIA had conducted a massive domestic intelligence operation in the U.S. during the late '60s and early '70s against antiwar activists and dissidents. If so, this was seemingly a violation of the agency's charter that banned "internal security functions."

But as Rockefeller's investigation

went on, other stories appeared in the press linking the CIA to assassination plots against Cuba's Fidel Castro, the Dominican Republic's Rafael Trujillo (killed May 30, 1961) and Viet Nam's Ngo Dinh Diem (shot to death Nov. 2, 1963). In March Ford directed Rockefeller to investigate such charges.

The Rockefeller Commission also looked into the recurring speculation that Castro had tried to gain revenge for the CIA's attempts on his life by using Lee Harvey Oswald to kill John F. Kennedy. Like the Warren Commission, the Rockefeller group concluded that there was no credible indication of any such conspiracy behind Kennedy's death and Oswald acted alone.

The document delivered last week by Rockefeller contained nothing about any assassinations of foreign leaders. In explanation, Rockefeller said that his commission did not have enough time to look into the allegations thoroughly. Said the Vice President: "We didn't feel we could come to a conclusion on partial information."

As explained by Presidential Counsel Philip Buchen, the White House liaison with the commission, the members found that the study of the assassinations "was almost a bottomless subject. If they were to go into the whole thing, it would have taken more time and resources than they had." The group could have asked for an extension and a larger staff, but the members clearly had no stomach for digging deeper into those affairs of the

CIA. On Monday afternoon, four days before the report was delivered, the commission voted unanimously not to include any material on the foreign assassinations. However, the White House has agreed to hand over the commission's tentative research on the subject to the Senate's special eleven-man committee, chaired by Senator Frank Church, that is vigorously probing all U.S. intelligence activities.

Misused Powers. As for the CIA's domestic transgressions, the commission reportedly absolved the agency of much blame, noting that Presidents Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon drove the CIA to overstep its bounds. Johnson had an obsessive belief that foreign money and influence must have been behind the students' revolt and the antiwar movement. Nixon also prodded the CIA to misuse its powers and spy on dissenters. The commission called for tighter controls on White House access to the agency and tighter congressional oversight of its operations.

Just how poorly Congress has been performing its task of monitoring the CIA came to light last week in an incident involving Democratic Congressman Lucien Nedzi, the chairman of one House committee that supposedly watches over the CIA. The New York Times reported that Nedzi had been briefed more than a year ago by the agency about its involvement in assassination plans and domestic espionage and he had done nothing whatsoever about the matter. Particularly, Nedzi did

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not mention it when he was made chairman of the special committee created by the House in February to investigate charges that the CIA had violated its statutes—a seeming conflict of interest.

When Nedzi did not deny that he had known about the CIA's shadowy activities all along, five of his six Democratic colleagues on the investigating committee hotly called for his resignation as chairman. If Nedzi does not go quietly this week, his fellow Democrats on the committee made it plain that if necessary, they would force a House vote to get him out.

With Nedzi's committee incapacitated and the Rockefeller Commission's report handed in, the job of pursuing the investigation of the CIA was left in the hands of the Senate committee. Under Church, a liberal Democrat from Idaho who may run for his party's presidential nomination in 1976, the committee has been zealously holding private hearings since May 15. After the Rockefeller Commission handed in its

report, Church accused it of ducking the assassination issue. As to the Vice President's claim that the CIA was not guilty of "major" sins, Church angrily declared: "I don't regard murder plots as a 'minor' matter."

Church has hard evidence for his harsh statement. During his three appearances before the Senate committee—more than ten hours at the witness table—CIA Director William Colby said, according to intelligence sources, that the agency had worked with Chicago gangsters on plans to kill Castro. In one case, the hit man was to have been a Cuban army major who was close to the Cuban leader. The allotted fee for the job: \$150,000. (For another example, see box.)

An Abomination. To find out more about the assassination plots, particularly who authorized them, Church will devote the rest of this month to closed-door hearings on the subject. Not only does Church plan to recall Colby and other CIA officials, past and present, but

he will call the Mafia's John Roselli, who reportedly was signed up by the CIA to direct some of the schemes to assassinate Castro. Church also plans to question Robert Maheu, the onetime FBI agent and aide to Howard Hughes, who is said to have recruited Roselli for the CIA.

"Ours is not a wicked country, and we cannot abide a wicked government," says Church. He prefers to talk not of "assassinations" but of "murder—a simpler, clearer term." Says he: "The U.S. cannot involve itself in any way in murder. The notion that we must mimic the Communists and abandon our principles [is] an abomination."

When it draws up its final report on the CIA, Church's Senate committee will face the same dilemma in proposing solutions that Nelson Rockefeller outlined when his commission began its study in January: "We must have an intelligence capability, which is essential to our security as a nation, without offending our liberties as a people."

The Momo and Cain Connection

The story of the CIA's efforts to enlist Mafia aid in assassinating Cuba's Fidel Castro continues to unfold. In 1960, during the waning months of Dwight Eisenhower's presidency, TIME has learned that the agency went to Momo Salvatore ("Sam") Giancana, a high-ranking Mafia don who ruled Chicago's gangland with a bloody hand. The mission: kill Castro. For help, Giancana turned to one of the most nimble and conniving figures in the Mafia: Richard Cain, who had been the Mafia's agent in the enemy camp: a detective on Chicago's police force.

Among his other accomplishments, Cain spoke Spanish fluently. With the consent of the CIA, intelligence sources

say, Detective Cain began recruiting Spanish-speaking toughs on the Windy City's West Side. Some of the hoodlums were sent to Miami and Central America for training in commando tactics.

Exactly what the Mafia rangers accomplished against Cuba is still unclear. Some intelligence officials doubt that a single guerrilla from Chicago ever set foot on the island. For his part, Cain later was to boast how he had led hit-and-run raids on Cuban power stations.

U.S. sources say that the CIA spent more than \$100,000 on the operation, while Giancana laid out \$90,000 of the Mob's own funds for Cain's expenses. When some Mafia officials objected to the payments, Giancana contended that

the funds should be considered as "ice" (protection money).

What did Giancana get for his involvement? In October 1960, the CIA did him a favor that was beyond the purview of the agency. Giancana was fuming because his girl friend, Singer Phyllis McGuire, was interested in Comedian Dan Rowan. The CIA arranged for burglars to break into Rowan's hotel room in Las Vegas and search for evidence that might cool the romance.

But in 1964, for all the ice he had carefully laid away, Giancana seemed to get no special treatment from the U.S. Government. Haled before a federal grand jury looking into the Mafia's affairs in Chicago, Giancana refused to talk and served twelve months in jail for contempt of court. Released in 1966, the don moved to Mexico for a while but is now back in Chicago.

Cain had been forced to quit the Chicago police in 1960 after he was caught spying on Mayor Daley's commissioner of investigations. Incredibly, he was hired in 1962 by Cook County Sheriff Richard Ogilvie (who was to become Illinois' Governor six years later). Resuming his role as a spy for the Mob, Cain was fired by Ogilvie for his shenanigans in 1964. Finally, in 1968, Cain was jailed for his part in a Mafia operation. Released in 1971, he became the still absent Giancana's man in Chicago.

There, on Dec. 20, 1973, two men wearing ski masks and carrying walkie-talkies surprised him in Rose's Sandwich Shop, a sleazy restaurant that had color stills from *The Godfather* on one wall. One man held a 12-gauge shotgun under Cain's chin and blew the head off the man whose quarry had once been Fidel Castro.

PETERS—DAYTON DAILY NEWS



DEFENSE

Keeping Up with the Ivans

After its misadventures in Indochina, the nation is feeling its way, sometimes truculently, toward a redefinition of its influence, military and otherwise, in the world. The U.S. has taken on a certain bristle, a tendency that was evident last week in Senate debate over the defense budget. In the *Mayaguez* incident, Gerald Ford, indebted more to McLuhan than to Clausewitz, struck off an image of American decisiveness after years in the Asian morass. Ford also hastened to Europe to reassure the NATO allies of America's steadfastness (see THE WORLD).

Cold Realism. It has become an exercise in bouncing back, proving that the U.S., despite its recent grogginess from Indochina, is as strong and clear-eyed as ever. Ford had hardly unpacked from Europe last week when he flew up to West Point to tell the graduating cadets that he had found in the NATO nations

ment. That would be a \$15.7 billion increase and would provide for three new Army divisions, for development of the new B-1 strategic bomber (at \$84 million apiece) and for the Airborne Warning and Control System (AWACS) aircraft that would cost \$118.8 million apiece, the most expensive plane ever built by the Air Force.

Why, some Senators wondered, did the U.S. require such an augmented arsenal just at the moment when its vast expenditures in Southeast Asia had ended? Liberals such as Massachusetts' Edward Kennedy argued for reordered priorities. Said Minnesota's Walter Mondale: "We have kept our military machine polished but have let our cities decay, our transportation systems collapse, our national unity dissolve." A counterargument held that a reduction in defense spending would actually damage the domestic economy by throwing

thousands out of work. The liberals' central argument was that, as Kennedy said, with 22,000 tactical nuclear weapons stockpiled round the world, "we have nuclear weapons in excess of our security needs." Critics of more military spending also wanted a clearer statement of just what foreign policy objectives all the hardware was meant to support. Other Senators countered that American foreign policy would be ineffective and even impotent without a strong military.

In the wake of Viet Nam, most of the Senate feared that cutting back defense spending might suggest weakness and American withdrawal. Thus in one

SCHLESINGER AT AIR FORCE ACADEMY



FORD CONGRATULATING LOWEST-RANKING CADET GRADUATE AT WEST POINT

ROCKEFELLER WAVING FLAG DURING GRADUATION AT ANNAPOLIS



"a new sense of confidence in the United States." That same day, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller spoke to the middies at Annapolis about the need for a "cold realism" in American military strength. "We must remain aware," he said, "that the Soviets are increasing their military forces throughout the world." At the same time, Defense Secretary James Schlesinger was in Colorado Springs insisting to the Air Force Academy graduates that American might "will remain an indispensable, though hopefully tacit element in the maintenance of world order."

As those three spoke, the Senate was engaged in a broader discussion of American military needs: how much is required, how much should be spent elsewhere (in the cities, for example), how much is too much and how the hardware relates to the intentions of U.S. foreign policy. The immediate issue was a \$25 billion weapons-procurement authorization bill—part of the \$104.7 billion "total obligational authority" requested by the Defense Depart-



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vote after another, the Senate beat back the liberals' amendments that would have cut into the budget. By 57 to 32, it defeated George McGovern's effort to delete \$725 million for continued development of the B-1 bomber. By 56 to 27, it rejected Kennedy's amendment that would have cut \$203 million to purchase 50 Minuteman II intercontinental ballistic missiles. By 58 to 38, it defeated an attempt by Missouri's Thomas Eagleton to suspend purchase of more AWACS planes, at a cost of \$690 million. For the moment, the Senate was clearly following the logic of Armed Services Committee Chairman John Stennis: "It is an uncertain world we live in today. The United States must make it clear that it will maintain the weapons and manpower necessary to protect its own interests."

CONGRESS

The Veto Sticks

Last fall when the nation's voters gave the Democrats a 2-to-1 majority on Capitol Hill, Republicans warned disconsolately that the Congress would be virtually "veto-proof"—"probably the most dangerous we've ever had," as Arizona's Barry Goldwater called it. The Democrats rejoiced in those post-Watergate days that they had seized the initiative from the White House. Armed with what House Speaker Carl Albert spoke of as their "mandate," the Democrats set about formulating a broad new economic policy of their own—tax rebates, a tax cut, lowered interest rates, devices to encourage housing starts.

The key to the Democrats' anti-recession program was a massive \$5.3 billion plan to create 1 million new jobs (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*). In March, the Democrats' well-disciplined forces in the House pushed through the bill by 313 to 113, carrying 55 Republicans with them while losing only 25 Democratic defectors. The Senate approved it, then the House last month sent a final version to the President. The vote was 293 to 109—well over the two-thirds majority needed to overcome Ford's veto.

Last week the jobs bill was back in the House for a vote to override the veto—the most important test of strength yet between Ford and the congressional Democrats. "If we Democrats can't win on this crucial vote," House Majority Leader Thomas ("Tip") O'Neill told his party caucus, "then we can't win on any vote." To Ford, the issue was whether the Democrats would open an inflationary floodgate: more and more spending for more and more jobs.

Arm Twisting. House Democrats were more united on the bill than on almost any controversial economic legislation in memory. They had also picked up, they were confident, the 49 Republicans who had voted for final passage last month. In addition, they had the



HOUSE SPEAKER CARL ALBERT RIDING PAST THE WHITE HOUSE

An almost disastrous loss of momentum for the Democrats' program.

muscle of powerful lobbies—the AFL-CIO, the United Auto Workers, the National Education Association.

But they did not count on an extraordinary and almost Lyndonnesque display of political arm twisting by that 25-year veteran of the House, Gerald Ford. The President arrived back in Washington from his European trip at midweek. Minority Leader John Rhodes and G.O.P. Whip Robert Michel had already been at work among the potential Republican defectors. For those with aching economic problems in their home districts, Michel spelled out an escape: they could vote against the Democrats and then support his own much reduced version of the jobs bill.

Tough Vote. When Ford set off to West Point, he took three House Republicans along with him on Air Force One. He invited them to his forward cabin and, as New York's Hamilton Fish said later, "He told us how strongly he felt about the veto." After the lecture, Fish reversed his stand against the veto, and New York's Benjamin Gilman agreed to side with Ford should his vote be needed. On the trip back from West Point, Ford went to work on Air Force One's telephone, going down the list of his opponents and calling member after member, including some Southern Democrats. He called California's Pete McCloskey, Ohio's William Stanton, Tennessee Guyer and Charles Mosher, Illinois' Edward Madigan and Robert McClory, Michigan's Philip Ruppe, Vermont's James Jeffords. They all promised to go with the President. "This means an awful lot to me," Ford told them.

The House debate on the veto was already under way, but Ford kept up his barrage of phone calls. His intensity, the fact that he felt strongly enough to call member after member, had a powerful effect. Just as the House vote was about to begin, Ford reached Maine's William Cohen, a moderate Republican whose recession-stricken state badly needs new jobs. "Bill," Ford said, "this is going to be a tough vote. Can you possibly see your way to help out?" "It's a tough vote for me," Cohen re-

sponded. "I'll think about what you said in the next 15 minutes." Finally Cohen voted against the veto, but he had agreed to side with Ford if the vote was close.

It was an astonishing performance. In all, 18 Congressmen changed their minds—although some had been won earlier by Michel's escape bill, which allowed them to endorse the principle of more jobs while spending far less money. With just three minutes to go in the 15-min. voting period and the Democrats seemingly coasting to a victory, Rhodes gave the signal for the Republicans to start shoving their voting cards into the electronic slots that register the tallies in the House. In minutes the electronic scoreboards on the gallery walls showed Ford's victory: 277 to override, 145 against. That was five short of the two-thirds the Democrats needed.

Carl Albert understood what it meant—an almost disastrous loss of momentum for the Democrats' economic program. Albert was stunned, as was Tip O'Neill, who remarked unhappily: "We've got to reassess this." What they must contemplate is the fact that at least temporarily, their initiative is gone. Ford had proven he can make his vetoes stick.

POLITICS

Mail-Order Presidents

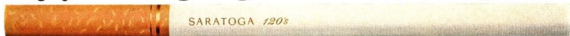
Presidential primary campaigns have long been something of a marathon poker game. How many chips does a candidate bet on a given state? Which elections does he pass because his cards look bad? But as the 1976 primary season approaches, the candidates are more uncertain and confused than ever. Last year's campaign-funding reforms vastly changed the rules of the game. The fat cats have been dealt out. The pot is now limited. Yet some time before the first primary is held next winter, the U.S. Supreme Court could break out an entirely new and unfamiliar deck by throwing out all or part of the new law.

Certain changes are proving especially unnerving to the campaign strat-

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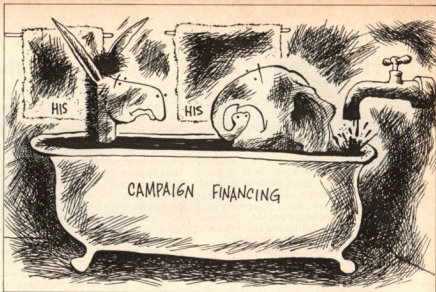
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egists. One is the spending limit of \$10 million that a candidate cannot exceed through the primary period. This calls for more precise planning than in the past, since there is no way for a candidate to make a strong finish in the last primaries if he has spent most of his total to stay in the race through the earlier elections. A second is the limitation of \$1,000 that any individual can donate to a candidate. This reform knocks out the influence of a relatively few wealthy donors, but forces the candidates to turn to massive mail solicitation in the search for many small donations.

A third is that to qualify for up to \$5 million in matching money from the federal Treasury, the candidate must raise at least \$5,000 in each of 20 states in amounts no larger than \$250. "There just aren't that many people out there who have \$250 they want to give away," says Arizona Congressman Morris Udall, an announced Democratic candidate. "You have to find them—and that's a trick."

The most obvious impact of the changes is that more candidates have announced earlier than ever before so as to crank up the fund drives necessary to qualify for the matching money.

High Cost. So far only two candidates, Alabama Governor George Wallace and Washington Senator Henry Jackson, have met the requirements, Wallace almost entirely through direct mail drives. But these are expensive and require an outlay of "seed money" before the donations roll in. Official reports turned in by Wallace indicate that he began his solicitations as early as 1973, raising \$1 million, picked up another \$1.7 million in 1974 and more than \$300,000 early this year. But he recorded only \$216,354 cash on hand in his last report (in March), an indication of the high cost of raising money by mail. By contrast, the frugal Jackson reported receipts of \$1.14 million last year and



AUTH—PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

had \$933,000 of that on hand. He has collected another \$960,000 this year.

The new law thus puts a premium on mail expertise and mailing lists. Wallace has hired Richard A. Viguerie, a Virginia professional fund raiser who has effectively served such controversial clients as the National Rifle Association, the Rev. Billy James Hargis and South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond. He has steadily refined old Wallace mailing lists, adding such groups as the nation's policemen and subscribers to the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *National Review*. He has developed a list of 2.5 million "favorable supporters," at least 300,000 of whom he feels confident can be relied on for money. According to Wallace aides, some \$20,000 reaches the Wallace headquarters in Montgomery each day. Viguerie's solicitation company helped Wallace get his mailings started by advancing credit—which some of his opponents consider a political donation exceeding the \$1,000 giving limit.

Dark Horse. Jackson raised his initial funds in stages. First he held a series of three-hour planning lunches in Washington, D.C., beginning in the summer of 1974. His guests were usually some 30 or so residents from various large cities, invited to Washington. Fund-raising affairs were held later back in those cities. This money in turn provided the capital for a mail campaign launched through Morris Dees, an Alabama lawyer who ran George McGovern's effective mail solicitations in 1972. Jackson has acquired no fewer than 66 lists, including subscribers to *Newsweek*. He hopes to collect the full kitty of \$7 million by the end of this year (the law permits spending \$2 million to finance fund raising in addition to the \$5 million raised by the candidate and the \$5 million from the Government).

The mechanics of the law thus virtually rule out the possibility that any unknown dark horse could enter the field at the last minute and raise enough money in enough states to catch up with the early starters. The end of this year looks like the practical deadline for entries—except for someone like Senator Edward Kennedy, whose familiarity could attract widespread funds quickly.

Better Class. Although the new rules create new dilemmas for candidates, they also put them all on a more even footing. No one can overwhelm the field financially, and none need feel beholden to affluent interests. "It's a helluva lot better psychologically," explains Jackson's finance coordinator, Richard Kline. Donors know they are not going to be "hit for a fortune," he adds, and "there isn't all the tension. Also, you don't have to find some donor's kid a summer job in Washington. We're dealing with a much better class of people now."

Nevertheless, the law is being challenged in court by a coalition of conservative and liberal politicians, including New York Senator James Buckley and former Minnesota Senator Eugene McCarthy. Their lawyers have filed 34 legal objections to it in a suit which reached the U.S. Court of Appeals last week. The suit claims that any limitation on political donations and spending by candidates violates the First Amendment guarantee of free speech and contends that the law's provisions for federal funding of the general presidential election virtually freeze out third-party candidates. The Supreme Court is expected to resolve the suit by the end of this year. If the court throws out key sections of the law, individuals and groups with thick purses could once again curry favor with their cash. Lacking the Government matching money and time to raise more on their own, the primary candidates would find it hard to resist such help if they wanted to stay in the race.

FUNDING-LAW CRITICS BUCKLEY & MCCARTHY



DEAN BUELL/GETTY IMAGES

*TIME does not sell its subscriber lists to political candidates.

CITIES

How New York City Lurched to the Brink

It is hard to imagine that subways in New York City could be more congested, streets any bumpier, parks any scruffier, muggers in greater abundance, ambulances slower to respond or courts and prisons in more disarray. But all that and considerably more is likely to happen as New York comes to terms with its worst financial crisis since the Great Depression. After decades of living beyond its means, of spending as if there were no tomorrow, the city has accomplished what no one really thought possible: it has all but gone broke.

Between now and the end of the fiscal year, on June 30, it must raise \$750 million to meet its expenses, pay its em-

ployees and refinance its massive debt. But the money may not be available. The banks have turned down any further short-term borrowing; they refused to enter bids on the city's latest notes. Tax revenues have lagged way behind expenditures; real estate taxes are in arrears by more than \$200 million as landlords have been caught between soaring fuel bills and rent control. Hard-pressed for funds of their own, both the state and federal governments have rejected city pleas for the massive aid that city hall needs. In a narrow technical and legal sense, the city has not yet gone broke by missing a payroll or defaulting on a loan. At week's end state and city officials were haggling over the creation of a new state agency that would take the city into a partial receivership. The agency would temporarily bail out New York at the same time that it would assert some control over city finances—a humiliating but well-deserved intrusion on mismanaged home rule.

Civic leaders have responded to the crisis with their customary combative-ness. "This is a street fight," Brooklyn Borough President Sebastian Leone told Mayor Abraham Beame at a budget strategy session. "You've got to put your opponents up against the wall." "You're right," responded the embattled mayor, pounding the table. Faced with a looming budget deficit of as much as \$1 billion, as well as the immediate cash-flow pinch, Beame offered an \$11.9 billion "crisis" budget for fiscal 1976 that would be balanced by laying off about 50,000 city employees, including police and firemen at a time when crime and arson are ominously rising. With inflammatory rhetoric that hardly squares with his image as a mild-mannered bookkeeper intent on keeping the peace in New York, Beame lashed out in his budget message at his chosen scapegoat: the city bankers, no longer willing to fund the city's debt, whom he accused of "poisoning our wells," of starting a "whispering campaign to denigrate our fiscal integrity."

The mayor's scare tac-

tics were reinforced by the obdurate line taken by the city's powerful, militant public-service unions. Rejecting such job-saving solutions as a wage freeze or a shorter work week as unacceptable rollbacks of their hard-won contract gains, union leaders conjured up visions of an urban wasteland if large numbers of workers were laid off. "How many women are going to be raped?" asked Douglas Weaving, first vice president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. "How many citizens are going to be held up?" Warned John DeLury, president of the Uniformed Sanitation Men's Association: "There will be 12,395,104 filled garbage cans in the streets—assuming that our unemployed youth will leave them there."

Said Albert Shanker, president of the United Federation of Teachers: "Our school system will be a kind of custodial institution with a few adults keeping a bunch of kids locked up and not preparing them for anything." Last week some 8,000 city workers gathered at a rally in front of the First National City Bank on Wall Street and cheered the announcement that police pension funds would be withdrawn from the "enemy" bank. A group of hospital workers shouted their encouragement: "Take it all! Don't leave 'em a penny!"

The question is: How did the city come to such a pass? An anatomy of how, over the years, the nation's Big Apple became so cankered:

PROLIFERATING SERVICES. The city got into its fix by overdoing what it does best: being generous. New York has always taken pride in its treatment of the poor and oppressed; it has welcomed wave after wave of immigrants, clothed, housed and schooled them for a better life—if not for themselves, then for their children. No other city in the U.S. has provided such a range of free services and diversions: schools and libraries, parks and playgrounds, museums, zoos and a host of programs aimed at improving mind, body and spirit. New York spends more per capita on services than any other city (see chart page 18). A staggering proportion are on welfare in New York: 1 out of every 8 citizens. They receive the highest benefits in the nation. A family of four is given \$258 a month, along with \$130 for rent—benefits that come on top of federally funded food stamps and medical care.

A service explosion occurred in the 1960s when the Great Society offered local governments a profusion of programs whose cost would be shared by Washington. Mayor John Lindsay, a lavish spender who presided over city hall from 1966 to 1974, took all that he could get for the city. Somewhat oblivious to the needs of most ethnic groups,

NEW YORK MUNICIPAL WORKERS RALLY ON WALL STREET





How to save \$1,890 on gas.

If you plan to keep your new car for 50,000 miles (most people do), here's how you can save \$1,890.

Buy a Datsun. That's all there is to it! The Datsun B-210 averaged 27 miles per gallon in the city, according to Environmental Protection Agency tests. If your present car gets 10 mpg in the city, you'll save \$1,890 in gasoline money alone over the next 50,000 miles. Here's how.

Today's math lesson. Figure 60 cents a gallon for gas. Gasoline for the 10 mpg car would cost \$3000 for 50,000 miles. Gasoline for the 27 mpg Datsun would cost just \$1,110. Simple subtraction reveals a savings of \$1,890 for the B-210! (Just think what your *highway* savings would be with a B-210! According to the EPA, it gets 39 mpg on the highway.)

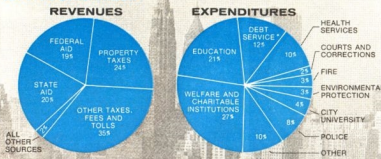
There's more to it. A Datsun B-210 is more than just great gas mileage. It comes with the things you want on a new car, *included* in the price (bucket seats, carpeting, tinted glass, electric rear window defogger, disc brakes and more). There are three models to choose from: Hatchback, 2- and 4-Door Sedans. Routine maintenance is surprisingly inexpensive. And it traditionally holds more resale value than the competition. If you want to save money, what could be simpler?



Datsun Saves

New York City Expense Budget

1974-75 \$11.9 Billion



*Debt service has grown throughout the year and is likely to be 4 or 5 points higher when final calculations are in.

TIME Chart (The Chartmakers, Inc.)

he was sensitive to the possibility of blacks rioting in New York, as they had in other cities. Even before a federal Office of Economic Opportunity arm was set up in New York, he put \$20 million in city funds into the antipoverty program. Day-care centers proliferated. So did drug treatment programs, bilingual teaching, job training and youth services. Once these programs were started and attracted constituencies, there was no stopping them—not even when federal money for some of them tapered off under the Nixon Administration. Rather than cut back the programs, the city assumed the costs that had been borne by the Federal Government.

The city helps support a highly ambitious and costly university system. With 266,000 students, City University of New York is now larger than 43 state universities. Yet most students receive a free education as compared with the several hundred dollars in tuition charged by almost all state universities. In 1970 the Lindsay Administration began a program of open enrollment, which permits any city high school graduate, whatever his grades, to enter the university. Of the 19,000 students who have been added, some 15% receive an average \$30-a-week stipend as well as a free education. The cost of remedial studies for unprepared students has boosted the higher-education budget by \$30 million, to \$585.2 million.

SOARING SALARIES AND BENEFITS. The city has been equally generous with the public employees who provide these services. Although the population of New York has declined slightly over the past ten years, to 7.8 million, the city work force had grown by 37% to 338,000. The figures are approximate, since a symptom of the city's difficulties is that its various bureaucracies cannot agree on whom to count on the pay-

roll. The work force, moreover, has increased unevenly. The line agencies—police, firemen, sanitation men—declined slightly in the past decade. The agencies involved in helping the poor were enlarged by about a third.

As the number of civil servants has shot up, so have their pay and their benefits, which now equal nearly a third of their salaries. It is increasingly hard to say no to their demands, since by striking they can cripple the city—as the sanitation men proved when they walked out in 1968, leaving mountains of refuse on the streets. No matter that striking is illegal: the law is basically unenforceable. First given the right to bargain collectively in the 1950s during the friendly administration of Mayor Robert Wagner, the unions made their biggest gains under Lindsay. On entering office in 1966, he was confronted with a strike of transit workers that brought public transportation to a virtual standstill for twelve days. He mishandled the event with a combination of political naiveté and personal arrogance; the mayor—and the city—never really recovered.

From then on, the unions got more or less what they wanted from Lindsay, even though they never learned to like

him. By the time he left office in 1974, the unions had won wages and benefits that largely outstripped any others in public employment in the country. After three years on the job, a New York City cop is scheduled to earn \$17,458 a year and a sanitation man \$15,731. A full professor in the city university makes from \$24,000 to \$38,000 a year; a teacher in the secondary-school system receives an annual salary ranging from \$9,700 to \$20,350. Teachers earn more pay, in fact, for less work. Fifteen years ago, a junior high school teacher had a work load of 30 45-min. periods a week, and was required to do a variety of other chores. Today the same teacher is responsible for 25 periods a week and cannot be asked to perform any extra functions. As they rise in the ranks, many teachers give up the classroom for administrative positions. More than a third of the 107,450 people who work for the Board of Education are classified as "nonpedagogical."

Final Raise. The most egregious and, many argue, outrageous employee expense is pensions. The city is currently paying \$1 billion a year to retirement funds. By 1985, pensions will cost New York \$3 billion a year. Since policemen can retire at half their final pay after 20 years, more and more of them are understandably choosing to leave when they qualify. A cop can wait for his final raise, then put in his retirement papers the next day. It is estimated that if a policeman who retired lives for 30 more years, he will collect more money from the city than he earned on the force. While receiving his handsome pension, he is free to take another job. All in all, a promising prospect for a man in his late 30s or early 40s.

The hidden costs of these extravagant pensions have not begun to be computed. The agencies lose some of their most skilled and experienced personnel just when they have the most to contribute to the city. After winning a whopping pension increase in 1970, thousands of transit workers retired to take jobs with private industry. Within a year, the Transit Authority lost 70% of its car-maintenance supervisors. Those who remained on the job had to work overtime at premium pay. "By 1970," says a T.A. officer, "the subway had nearly fallen apart. Equipment deteriorated and on-time performance fell below 80%." It has taken us the last five years to recover from that settlement, and no one can tell what it has really cost."

NARROWING TAX BASE. As costs have mounted, the tax base that supports all these services has steadily eroded. In a pattern typical of other U.S. cities, the poor have moved in while the affluent

Per Capita City Expenditures

Fiscal Year 1973	New York	Chicago	Los Angeles	Philadelphia	Detroit
Police & Fire	\$ 99	\$ 86	\$ 82	\$ 89	\$ 90
Health & Hospitals	151	13	.87	47	32
Education	296	7	—*	13	6
Public Welfare	315	3	.20	18	3
Interest on general debt	55	13	11	23	16
Employee retirement	88	19	30	22	36
Other	457	165	319	242	267
Total	\$1,461	\$306	\$443	\$454	\$450

*Funded entirely by an independent taxing authority

TIME Chart (The Chartmakers, Inc.)

PAINT ISN'T ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE.

Consider these guaranteed alternatives...

If the exterior of your home is old paint, old stain, or unfinished new wood, we're talking right to you. Odds are you want the finish you put on to do two things: Look beautiful and stay that way. That's why, before you settle for house paint, we'd like you to think about these four guaranteed ways to do the job better.

Put on the Overcoat:

If you've got old paint, why add another layer to the problem? Instead of repainting, put on new Olympic Overcoat. Overcoat is a truly revolutionary new acrylic coating—like some paints—but so superior we refuse to even call it paint. Overcoat goes on easier than anything you've ever used. It covers almost any surface in a single coat and dries quickly to a beautiful flat finish that lasts and lasts.



It's guaranteed better than house paint!

You'll be amazed at the way Overcoat performs. Try it. If you're not convinced that Overcoat is better than house paint, return the remainder of your first gallon and any unopened cans, with receipt, to your dealer, and he'll refund your money.

For the mellow look.

To dress your home in mellow, rich color—use Olympic Solid Color Stain. Rich in pigment, Olympic Solid Color Stain covers beautifully without forming a thick film. Instead it penetrates the wood—lets it breathe—for lasting protection. We guarantee your money back (or provide replacement gallons at our option) if Olympic Stain ever cracks, peels or blisters.



Stain over old paint?

That's right. Thousands of homeowners have done it successfully—just as long as the surface is rough wood siding, shingles or shakes. A single coat is usually all it takes to achieve the mellow beauty you can only get with solid color stain.

Plus water clean-up.

If you'd like the stain effect and guarantee—plus water clean-up—your answer is new Olympic Acrylic Latex Solid Color Stain in the blue can.

For the ultimate beauty of wood.



Olympic Semi-Transparent Stain does the most beautiful thing you can do for new wood: It highlights the natural grain and texture, enhancing wood's appearance with soft color that weathers gracefully. Rough or smooth siding, decks, fences, outdoor furniture—you name it—

if it's wood, nothing adds subtle beauty and lasting protection like Olympic Semi-Transparent Stain. It too is backed by the Olympic Stain guarantee.

Ask a pro.

For straight answers to any questions you have about finishing your home, see your Olympic dealer. Look for them in the Yellow Pages.

Olympic Stain. A division of COMERCO, INC.,
Dept. C, 1148 N.W. Leary Way, Seattle, WA 98107.

Olympic Overcoat or Olympic Stain.
Guaranteed satisfaction you won't get with paint.



Write: Pamphlet offer, Sony, 9 W. 57 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019 © 1975 Sony Corp. of America. SONY is a trademark of Sony Corp.

For years people have been snuggling up with our little Sonys.

A cozy situation indeed. Switching channels, tuning it, turning it on and off without your head leaving the pillow.

Well, now you can lead that same lazy life with our big Sonys. Our biggest, in fact. Because now, in addition to our 15" (diagonal) and 17" sets, our large 19" Trinitron® is available with remote control.

You can switch channels, adjust the volume, turn the set on and off, even change from VHF to UHF without getting out from under the covers.

And to make life even easier for you, our 17" and 19" models have something called "Lumisponder"—which automatically adjusts the brightness and contrast depending on the light in the room.

But even more important is the fact that

the picture you're looking at is a Sony Trinitron picture. The difference being our unique "one-gun, one-lens" system. While other sets project their pictures through three small lenses, Trinitron uses one large lens. And the larger the lens, the sharper the focus.

(To give you an idea of just how incredible a Sony really is, the closed-circuit picture on the screen in this ad is for *real*—not "simulated" the way it is in other ads. And it's untouched.)

To really explain all the benefits of Sony Trinitron requires a little more space than we have in this ad. So we suggest you send for our 12-page pamphlet. Or stop in at your nearest Sony dealer for a demonstration.

You might want to bring your checkbook, though. Sonys have a way of making adults feel like kids in a toy store.

NOW YOU CAN TAKE BIG SONYS TO BED WITH YOU TOO.

Model KV-1930R Trinitron with remote control 19" measured diagonally.



"IT'S A SONY."

have moved out. Since 1950 there has been a great migration of blacks from the South and Hispanics from Puerto Rico and other Caribbean islands. In two decades the white, non-Hispanic percentage of the city population has declined from 87% to just below 65%, the black has climbed from 10% to 21%, and the Puerto Rican from 3% to a shade over 10%.

A cycle of deterioration is under way. As the poor arrive, the demand for services increases. This entails higher taxes, which impels more taxpayers to leave the city. Taxes must then be raised once again for those who remain. Taxes are higher per capita in New York City than anywhere else in the U.S. Besides paying an 8% sales tax and a hefty state income tax, a family of four earning \$15,000 a year must cough up \$179 in city income taxes.

Encouraging the exodus from New York is the decay of schools and neigh-

borhoods, the rise in crime and "antisocial behavior." Among the first to flee are major businesses, which depend on a secure environment to attract talent and customers. In 1966, 198 of the top 1,000 industrial companies were headquartered in Manhattan. Today only 120 remain. Between 1969 and this March, the city lost 419,000 jobs in the private sector. Unlike other cities, New York never recovered from the 1970 recession. It has been downhill ever since.

Some Remedies. Despite all this ledgerdom, the budget becomes more unbalanced each year as the debt is padded over but never paid off. Interest costs inexorably mount as the credit-

new workers coming into the employ of the city. Rather than brutally lopping jobs, it would be more equitable to put a freeze on the 5%-6% wage hike scheduled this year for all city employees. Such a move would save an estimated \$400 million, or the equivalent of almost 25,000 jobs. Reducing the work week from five days to 4½ would save \$700 million even if the pay increase takes place. A shorter week, of course, would mean some reduction in services.

Other possibilities for savings, none without human costs and services lost:

- Impose a \$400-a-year tuition on students attending the city university and ask faculty members to add an extra hour to the average 8.5 hours they teach a week.

- Increase the average class size in the secondary-school system from 25 to 32. This can be done fairly painlessly since only about 70% of the enrolled students show up on the average day.

- Make a strenuous effort to weed out the ineligible people receiving welfare; city auditors estimate that they account for 13% of the total.

- Close enough of the city's 19 municipal hospitals to reduce the current 23% vacancy rate to 13%. No other city runs so many hospitals; Chicago, for example, operates one.

- Contract out the collection of refuse to private companies. It is estimated that it costs the city \$45 a ton to pick up garbage, while private collectors perform the same job for \$22 a ton in San Francisco, \$19 a ton in Boston, \$18 a ton in Minneapolis.

- Replace retiring park laborers, who earn from \$14,000 to \$17,000 a year, with unemployed youths who will work at the minimum wage of \$2.10 an hour.

- Shut down city activities that duplicate or closely parallel other agencies. Among the candidates for elimination: the Municipal Broadcasting System, the Mayor's Office for Veteran Affairs, the Commission on Human Rights, the Office of Collective Bargaining.

At the end of the week, New York's immediate financial fate was still in doubt. State and city officials were bitterly wrangling over the powers to be given to the proposed Municipal Assistance Corporation (dubbed "Big Mac"), which would attempt to convert the city's short-term debt into long-term bonds. The banking community insisted that Big Mac should exercise tight control over the city's short-term borrowing and receive all city sales tax revenue so as to make sure that the bonds it issued would be repaid. City officials balked at such a surrender of their fiscal authority. The question is whether Big Mac will be established in time to prevent the city from defaulting on \$792 million in notes that fall due this week. True to the politics of bluff and brinkmanship that characterize New York, the solution was not likely to come until five minutes before midnight on D-day—or even five minutes after.



UNCOLLECTED GARBAGE IN NEW YORK'S GREENWICH VILLAGE DURING 1968 STRIKE
Conjuring up a vision of an urban wasteland.

borhoods, the rise in crime and "antisocial behavior." Among the first to flee are major businesses, which depend on a secure environment to attract talent and customers. In 1966, 198 of the top 1,000 industrial companies were headquartered in Manhattan. Today only 120 remain. Between 1969 and this March, the city lost 419,000 jobs in the private sector. Unlike other cities, New York never recovered from the 1970 recession. It has been downhill ever since.

FISCAL GIMMICKRY. Approaching the limits of taxation, unwilling to cut expenditures, the city has in recent years resorted to a variety of fiscal gimmicks to balance the budget, as required by the state constitution. A favorite ploy is to put current expense items involving salaries and supplies into the capital budget, which is supposed to cover construction projects. Ten years ago, \$200 million was all that had been diverted

risky city has to pay more for the money it needs. Today debt service amounts to a staggering \$1.9 billion a year, or 17% of the budget. With less than 4% of the U.S. population, New York has been selling 18% of all municipal bonds on the U.S. market and 39% of all short-term tax-exempt notes. Says Jackson Phillips, senior vice president of Moody's Investors Service, Inc.: "A lot of cities are just not coming to market. They're postponing things. But New York keeps coming."

Even if the city manages to escape from the present short-term dollar crunch, in the long run New York City is obviously going to have to start cutting back. The question is how—and where. First of all, there has to be some kind of rollback of pensions. It is doubtless too late to do anything about pension contracts for people already retired or serving in the city government. But it is essential that pensions be renegotiated for

More Optimism, Less Resentment

Buoyed by the *Mayaguez* rescue and many economists' predictions that recovery from the recession is just around the corner, Americans seem to be regaining confidence in their country and its future. Some 40% now believe that things are going well in the country, up sharply from 23% in February. Slightly more than one out of three Americans still worry a lot about becoming unemployed, but the number concerned about inflation has dropped to 53%, down twelve points since last winter. Moreover, the public shows no signs of turning isolationist because of the failure of U.S. policy in Southeast Asia. Indeed, only one out of four people thinks that the U.S. "from now on should not intervene militarily in another country."

These were the major findings of the latest TIME Soundings, a quarterly survey of the mood and outlook of Americans that began in May 1974. Soundings consists of a series of political and social indicators that were developed for TIME by Yankelovich, Skelly and White Inc., the New York-based public-opinion-research firm. The analysts tabulated the recent results last week from telephone interviews conducted in mid-May with a representative sample of 1,014 Americans of voting age. Results for each individual survey have an error factor of plus or minus 3%; in estimating trends from one quarter to another, the error factor is plus or minus 4%.

THE TRENDS. The latest survey turned up significant developments in four of Soundings' regular indicators. Items:

► The proportion of Americans who perceive themselves in economic distress has leveled off at 36%, up only one point since February; that is still the high since Soundings began, when 23% were in economic distress. Predominantly young and blue collar, these people have been worst hit by the recession.

► Social resentment, which measures those people who are disapproving of and angry about social and political trends in the U.S., dropped to 28% from 33% in February, and now stands at about the same as in May 1974 (27%).

► Conservatism seems to be ebbing. For the first time since Soundings was started, those polled who either call themselves conservative or hold generally conservative views constitute a minority (48%), compared with a high of 53% last fall.

► The national mood, the indicator that evaluates the state of the nation's morale and confidence in the future, has made a dramatic turn upward. Some 29% of those surveyed were optimistic, compared with 19% in February.

The growing public confidence has been spurred by both domestic and foreign developments. Because of the def-

inite feeling in the country that the recession has bottomed out, only 31% of those surveyed now believe that the U.S. runs a risk of a major depression, down from 43% in February. At the same time, the public greeted the end of the war in Southeast Asia with a sense of relief, probably because most people had long expected an eventual Communist victory. And more than four out of five Americans think criticism of the *Mayaguez* rescue operation was unfair.

VIET NAM. Soundings found that most Americans are not interested in engaging in a national debate over who in the U.S.—if anyone—is most responsible for the Communist victories in Southeast Asia. A high 68% of those surveyed believe that "we should put Viet Nam behind us and not worry about who was to blame"; another 16% partially share that view. Only 19% think that a lack of commitment by the American people was largely responsible for the defeat. More than three out of four see at least three major factors as having contributed partly to the outcome: 1) corruption in South Viet Nam, 2) the determination and dedication of the North Vietnamese, 3) the Soviet and Chinese support of North Viet Nam.

Scarcely one in five Americans believes that the collapse of South Viet Nam threatened U.S. security. Now 46% think that the U.S. had no right to be involved in the war in the first place, a view partly held by another 20%. Interestingly, a majority of those who now most strongly maintain that the U.S. should have stayed out of Viet Nam are elderly (57% of those over 65, v. 47% of those aged 18 to 24), Democrats (51%, v. 42% of the Republicans) and the less affluent (53% of those earning less than \$15,000 annually, v. 40% of those earning more).

Asked who in the U.S. had a heavy responsibility for what happened in Southeast Asia, 17% cited Congress and 58% named a President. But the people surveyed clearly fault some Presidents more than others. They assess the blame as follows:

	A Lot	A Little	None
Eisenhower	15%	32%	39%
Kennedy	20	34	39
Johnson	30	39	24
Nixon	37	32	25
Ford	9	29	59

Republicans assigned very little of the responsibility for Viet Nam to Nixon (8%), instead blaming Johnson (42%) and Kennedy (25%). Democrats most often assessed primary blame upon Nixon (32%) and Johnson (21%). Since Democrats and Republicans receive about the same degree of blame, the analysts concluded that the war should not be a telling issue for either party in 1976.

FOREIGN POLICY. Only 13% of those polled now regard the U.S. as a second-rate nation, and 62% agree that the U.S. is losing some of its power. Most (52%) say that they are bothered little or not at all by the loss. But this does not mean that Americans are becoming isolationist. Nearly three out of four people believe that the U.S. needs foreign trade for its economic security and foreign allies for its military security. Moreover, 71% refused to rule out future foreign military intervention by the U.S.

But Americans are divided over the extent to which the U.S. should involve itself in the world's trouble spots in the future. About one-third believe that "it is more important than ever to live up to our commitments to send military equipment and aid, but not troops, to Israel in case of aggression." Another one-third partially share this view. But a final third disagree and would not aid Israel.

Similarly, 29% feel that the U.S. must be ready to ship more equipment, but not more men, to South Korea in the event of an invasion from the North. Another 28% agree in part, but 40% disagree and would not help Seoul at all. On the other hand, 37% strongly agree and 25% partially agree that the U.S. should recognize Cuba. Americans also support détente; only 27% believe that cooperating closely with the Soviet Union or China is dangerous.

When voters look ahead to the 1976 presidential election, they put Ford far out in front of the other major potential candidates, whether Republican or Democrat. Some 58% now find him an acceptable candidate, up from 48% last winter; in second place is Democratic Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts with a 43% acceptability rating, followed by Republican Ronald Reagan (39%), Democratic Governor George Wallace of Alabama (38%), Democratic Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine (36%), Republican Vice President Nelson Rockefeller (34%) and Democratic Senator Henry Jackson of Washington (33%). Still, only 9% of the electorate are very enthusiastic about a Ford candidacy. Fully 43% of the voters continue to support no candidate at all.

Spring Summer Fall Winter Spring
1974 1975

Yes, Things Are Going Well

Decision '75:

Balanced fuel independence or no fuel independence?

Since our "Decision '75" messages began this past March, we have received literally thousands of requests for our booklet... a credit to the widespread concern of Americans about the growing energy crisis. Interestingly, some of these letter writers have another concern: that we believe coal is the only solution to our goal of energy independence by 1985.

Not so. Indispensable, perhaps, but not the only solution. While 80% of America's proved fuel reserves are coal, it would be illogical not to put the other 20% to work also.

Actually we must strike a balance among all energy sources available, with each doing what it does best. Natural gas, for example, for home heating and specialized industrial uses. Oil for motor fuel and lubrication, for home heating and power generation where no other source is practical. Coal and oil shale for synthetic oil, gas and clean solid fuel; uranium for electric power when more nuclear plants can be built; solar heating as soon as commercially feasible. Most of all, coal bearing the brunt now for industrial heating and the bulk of power generation, freeing other fuels to do "their thing" and thus lightening oil demand and concomitant dependence on foreign sources.

Send for our free booklet, "Decision '75: Coal is the answer." Then, if you have unanswered questions, write us. But if you feel that a balanced fuel system is a reasonable approach, tell the people working on the problem.

Balance works in nature. It must for us.

National Coal Association, 1130 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Coal is the answer. Now.





EGYPTIAN DESTROYER OCTOBER SIX, AT PORT SAID, MOVES TOWARD SUEZ CANAL ENTRANCE



PRESIDENT SADAT, WEARING ADMIRAL'S UNIFORM,

MIDDLE EAST

Favorable Omens for Peace

At measured intervals and with punctuating puffs of acrid rolling smoke, a 21-gun salute from the Egyptian destroyer *October Six* rippled the waters of Port Said harbor last week. As the guns boomed, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat climbed aboard the 3,500-ton Soviet-built ship, named for the day in 1973 on which Egypt attacked Israeli positions in the occupied Sinai. With Sadat on her bridge, the *October Six* slipped her lines, gathered speed and at ten knots moved slowly southward into the Suez Canal; symbolic floating gates decorated with pharaonic designs parted to let her through. Another destroyer and three vessels filled with invited guests fell in line for a voyage to Ismailia, 48 miles away. Thus did jubilant Egyptians last week begin a two-day celebration of the reopening of their canal, eight years after it was blocked shut by ships scuttled at the outbreak of the Six-Day War (see box page 26).

Scarcely three hours after Sadat's convoy sailed through, the first five merchant ships—Kuwaiti, Greek, Chinese, Russian and Yugoslav—moved into the waterway that Sadat has melodramatically described as “a hostage for peace.” At the Bitter Lakes, they met the first northbound convoy in eight years—two Iranian destroyers along with cargo ships from Japan, Italy, Pakistan and the Sudan. Israel may suffer econom-

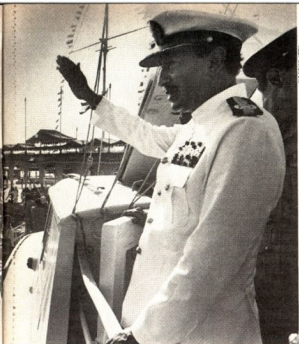
ically from the reopening of the Suez since, among other things, it will cut heavily into a profitable overland transfer route, from the Red Sea port of Eilat to Ashkelon, that Israel developed after the 1967 canal closing. Nonetheless Foreign Minister Yigal Allon conveyed “heartfelt and most sincere wishes to Egypt that the canal will indeed bear the hoped-for economic fruit.” In his speech to the Knesset, Allon emphasized, however, that Israel expected its cargoes to move through too in accordance with the January 1974 disengagement agreement. Although Cairo has hinted that it will allow the passage of nonmilitary Israeli cargoes in non-Israeli ships, Jerusalem was still anxiously awaiting the first test.

Series of Gestures. The reopening of the canal, after 13 months of debris-clearing and demolition by an international salvage team, was a significant event for the merchant fleets of the world as well as for Egypt, which hopes to reap about \$450 million a year in canal tolls. More important, it was only one of a series of diplomatic and political gestures that together marked as auspicious a week for peace as the Middle East has witnessed since the end of the October war.

Shortly before the canal reopened, Sadat spent two days in Salzburg, Austria, for his first meeting with President

Gerald Ford; both sides considered it a profitable exchange of ideas about the next steps toward peace. In a tacit response to Egypt's peaceful intentions in reopening the canal, Israel announced a unilateral thinning-out of its forces in the Sinai. This week Premier Yitzhak Rabin will fly to Washington for his summit meeting with Ford. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who had been considerably downcast at the failure of his diplomatic shuttle efforts in March, was cheered by the week's events. On the flight from Rome back to Washington at the end of Ford's European trip (see story page 9), he told newsmen: “I am not saying there is going to be progress. I am saying the conditions exist under which there could be progress.”

To some observers, last week's moves by Egypt and Israel were a more favorable omen for peace than either a renewal of Kissinger's step-by-step talks or a resumption of negotiations at Geneva would be. For one thing, the reopening of the canal and the thinning-out of forces were undertaken by Cairo and Jerusalem without superpower prompting. For another, these acts instantly changed the Middle East mood. “I don't belittle this gesture,” Sadat told TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn, referring to the Israeli move. “I consider it a very important act on the part of Israel. This gesture means we start the



WAVES TO CROWDS AT ISMAILIA



ISRAELI TANKS PULL BACK AS PART OF SINAI THIN-OUT

THE WORLD

peace process again, although let us hope it is not simply a tactical move." An Egyptian diplomat observed approvingly that "until we are ready to sign a final peace, we prefer this kind of arrangement to a negotiated, signed, bilateral document. This kind doesn't have to be defended publicly by our government or by other Arab governments."

Time for Land. Although Sadat insisted once more last week that peace in the Middle East depended upon Israeli withdrawal from all occupied Arab territories, Egyptian diplomats indicated that they were in a mood to exchange more time for more land. In other words, Cairo was willing to extend the mandate of the peace-keeping United Nations Emergency Force in Sinai to the extent that Israel was willing to surrender chunks of the Sinai. That "time for land" formula appeared to be equally acceptable to Israel. Jerusalem's approach to Sinai negotiations, after all, has become "a little bit of territory against a little bit of peace," in the popular phrase coined last year by Hebrew University Historian Saul Friedlander.

By voluntarily pulling back their forces in the Sinai, the Israelis hoped to counter the propaganda advantages that Sadat gained by reopening the canal. They took out from the limited-forces zone half the 7,000 men and 30 tanks allowed under the disengagement agreement, and withdrew artillery and missiles from canal range. To dramatize the move, Defense Minister Shimon Peres last week took foreign newsmen on a tour of the desert, where they observed the withdrawal of one

sandchurning platoon of ten tanks.*

The thinning-out was the result of Rabin's request to the Cabinet and his military advisers for ideas on how Israel should respond to the canal's reopening. One proposal was the Israeli forces might pull back four miles, ceding the abandoned territory to the U.N. buffer force. An objection to that idea was that the cost of new defenses further back would be at least \$50 million, above and beyond the \$250 million that Israel has spent on its present positions. In the end, however, Rabin rejected it mainly because such a move would radically alter the disengagement agreement itself, which he considered unwise politically. Since Israel was already contemplating a thinout of its Sinai forces in order to cut defense expenditures, Rabin decided to gain some political advantage from the move. The announcement was rushed off to Austria by way of the American embassy in Tel Aviv. It reached Schloss Klessheim, the U.S. quarters for the two-day Salzburg meeting, as Ford was hosting a luncheon there for Sadat that ranged from trout à la meunière and spinach en branches to butter pecan ice cream ring with chocolate sauce. Both Presidents expressed immediate pleasure at the news.

The Israeli military withdrawal will

* Asked whether U.N. observers would be allowed to verify the withdrawal, Peres explained that this was unnecessary since both Egypt and Israel receive daily reconnaissance photos of the area from "a third country." He meant, of course, the U.S., which supplies both sides with satellite pictures. These are so accurate that American photo analysts occasionally send a tweaking note to Jerusalem, pointing out poorly camouflaged positions.

unquestionably affect the welcome that Rabin gets in Washington. The Administration insists that it is still carrying on the reassessment of Middle East policy ordered by Ford after the failure of the Kissinger shuttle. Rabin will not be bringing any new Israeli proposals for negotiations; he is primarily interested in Ford's impressions of his Salzburg summit with Sadat.

From the preliminary accounts they received last week, Israeli diplomats indicated that Sadat had sounded flexible enough to make feasible another attempt at negotiations. They were disturbed, however, by his insistence in Salzburg and again at the canal ceremonies that Sinai negotiations be linked to talks with Syria about the Golan Heights. Jerusalem has steadfastly resisted such a linkage on the ground that it would complicate a difficult negotiating process. Rabin in Washington, moreover, is likely to face new pressures for Israel to surrender the Abu Rudeis oilfields and the Sinai passes in return for an extended second-stage agreement. This was a central issue on which the earlier Kissinger talks broke down.

Sadat went to Salzburg with much the same general goal that Rabin has in visiting the U.S. Ford pleased the Egyptian President by reiterating Washington's endorsement of U.N. Security Council Resolutions 242 and 338, which call for Israeli withdrawal from Arab territory in exchange for secure borders. Ford also promised to press Congress for economic aid to Egypt; indirectly, he admitted that the recent resolution signed by 76 Senators in firm support of

DAVID RUBINSON



PERSONAL ADVISER SHARON
Strength on the right.

massive U.S. military aid for Israel was not a very helpful step since it limited his maneuvering room with the Congress. Nonetheless Sadat found Ford to be "honest, straightforward and projecting the correct image of America." Besides, one member of Sadat's Salzburg party pointed out, if Washington suddenly became too pro-Egypt, it would alienate Israel. In such a case, the U.S. would be of as little help to Egypt in moving toward peace as the Soviets currently are. With no diplomatic links to

Jerusalem, Moscow is unable to do much mediating; worse, the Soviets recently signed a massive military-aid agreement with Libya that Egyptians took as a direct slap at them.

Last week's events strengthened both Sadat and Rabin at home. The Israeli premier solidified his support even more by asking General Ariel ("Arik") Sharon, Israel's hero of the October war, to be his personal adviser. The move guaranteed increased support for Rabin from right-wing Israelis who adore the superhawk Sharon and who have long worried that the Premier is a waffling dove. The general's charisma will also blunt the appeal of Rabin critics like former Defense Minister Moshe Dayan. Since Sharon becomes a civil servant who by law cannot openly criticize the government, Rabin has also neatly stilled the voice of a maverick politician who once called him both "naive" and "childish" for indicating willingness to trade Abu Rudeis and the Sinai passes for a peace agreement with Sadat.

Spreading Moderation. The spirit of moderation in the Middle East seems to be spreading. Syria, in a surprise move, recently extended for six months the mandate of another U.N. peace force on the Golan Heights. Some observers saw the move as part of a Damascus plan to shift troops from the Golan to the Iraqi border because of a continuing dispute between Syria and Iraq over the sharing of Euphrates River water. Last week Syria unexpectedly deferred that confrontation by promising to release more Euphrates water for Iraq from behind the new, slowly filling Tabqa Dam. Syrian President Hafez Assad also scheduled a visit to Jordan to discuss a



joint military command with King Hussein. The idea has been proposed in the past and abandoned; the latest move was more significant as a demonstration of Syria's willingness to improve even further its relations with the beleaguered Hussein, who was isolated by other Arab leaders for opposing claims by the Palestine Liberation Organization to speak for all Palestinians.

Suez Reopening: 'Ya Sadat'

Among the newsmen who covered the reopening of the Suez Canal last week were TIME Beirut Bureau Chief Karsten Prager, who observed the shored-side ceremonies, and Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn, who, as pool reporter for the English-speaking press, was aboard the October Six with Sadat. Their accounts of the celebration:

After all the build-up, reported Prager, the event itself at the white and green canal authority building alongside the harbor was refreshingly short. There, 600 invited dignitaries, including Crown Prince Reza of Iran, 14 foreign ambassadors, and defense ministers and army generals of other Arab nations, occupied a ceremonial platform shaped like a pharaonic solar ship.

General Mohammed Abdul Ghani Gamassy, Minister of War and commander of the armed forces, handed the canal over from military to civilian control and called the occasion "a day of joy." Sadat signed a document making

the civilian takeover official, then spoke briefly. He declared the reopened waterway "a tributary to peace and a channel to prosperity and cooperation among men." At the same time, he said, Egypt had to reiterate "its determination to perform the sacred duty of liberating its land and all Arab lands still under occupation in the Golan Heights, Sinai and Palestine, and recovering usurped Arab rights." Canal workers broke into shouts of "Allahu akbar" (God is great).

As Sadat and his guests moved by launch to the *October Six*, a gaggle of tugs, pilot boats and harbor runabouts sounded horns and whistled furiously. Egyptian MIG fighters and a pride of helicopters circled overhead. The amplified recorded voice of the late beloved Egyptian singer Umm Kulthum (TIME, Feb. 17) mixed with the martial music.

"This is one of the happiest moments of my life," Sadat told Correspondent Wynn on the bridge of the destroyer. Girls blew kisses to the Egyptian Pres-

ident from small boats. Men clung to the tops of masts, beating the air with their fists and chanting, "Ya Sadat, ya Sadat!" He beamed and waved in response. At intervals the ship passed remnants of the old Israeli Bar-Lev Line, now manned by Egyptian troops. Sadat climbed to the destroyer's signal station to return their salutes.

At Qantara East, the assembled crowd released flocks of white doves. At Ballah, a triple line of women in traditional red, blue, green and gold dresses stood on a multicolored mosaic canal bank and danced to flutes and drums. A cascade of balloons sailed skyward. Said one of many banners: WE HAVE OPENED THE CANAL. WE WILL KEEP IT OPEN.

The biggest warship in the convoy, as it turned out, was not Egypt's. It was instead the 14,600-ton guided missile cruiser *Little Rock*, flagship of the U.S. Sixth Fleet. The *Little Rock* was trimmed with flags, including the Stars and Stripes, which flapped visibly in the hot summer wind. Two Soviet admirals among the guests in the flotilla—Moscow's sole representation at the ceremonies—glowered and gloomed.

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BRITAIN

Saying 'Yes' to Europe

The longest-running, most political-divisive issue in recent British history was put to rest last week. By a landslide margin of more than 2 to 1, British voters decided to stay within the European Economic Community. Despite some fears that there might be a low turnout, leading to an inconclusive result, an estimated 65% of Britons went to the polls and 17,378,581 of them said yes to Europe. Even in Northern Ireland, where the Rev. Ian Paisley's Free Presbyterian Church had warned that "a vote for the Common Market is a vote for ecumenism, Rome, dictatorship and anti-Christ," the pro-EEC cause won by a 52.1% majority. For Prime Minister Harold Wilson, who had staked his political future on the referendum, the vote was a resounding personal triumph. Indeed, London's pro-Labor *Daily Mirror* suggested that Wilson may now become "the most powerful peacetime Prime Minister of the century."

Statisticians. The Prime Minister tried to keep the national temper cool by his deliberately low-key championship of the Common Market cause; he almost seemed intent on boring his countrymen into voting yes. The referendum campaign nevertheless caught fire in its final days, generating as much confusion as clarity. Pro- and anti-Marketeters continued to engage in what the Duke of Edinburgh called a "bout of statisticians." Each side drew upon the same meager data to make contradictory claims about the impact of EEC membership upon the British economy. While anti-Europeans argued that a yes vote would be the death knell for British sovereignty, former Prime Minister Edward Heath, a tireless pro-Europe campaigner, hailed the EEC as a peace bond between France and Germany; he appeared to imply that if Britain withdrew, Europe's traditional archfoes might soon have another go at one another.

Among the more inspired bits of rhetoric was Anthropologist Edmund Leach's charge that anti-Marketeters were misty-minded isolationists who showed "the same degree of contact with rational probability as a New Guinea cargo cult." On the other side, angry leftist playwright John Osborne denounced the EEC as "the last desperate dream of dull, dim tradesmen without vision, imagination or self-respect, feeling for life or history."

The likely negative results of a pull-out (more pressure on the pound, reduced investment by the multinationals, and strained relations with the Continent) were far easier to discern than the positive impact of staying in the EEC. The most persistent economic argument in favor of British membership is based on what is commonly known

as the cold-shower gambit: that the stimulus of tariff-free access to the EEC's huge market (nearly 260 million consumers), combined with increased competition from European imports, will help revitalize British industry. The sheer challenge might force Britain to break out of the debilitating cycle of low productivity, low investment and high wage demands that has led to the nation's mounting trade deficit (an estimated \$6.2 billion for 1975). But as the *Guardian's* Economic Columnist Frances Cairncross has pointed out, "If you give a cold shower to a man with a weak heart, sometimes he dies." Complicating the argument is a recent report by the National Institute for Economic and Social Research, which says that the effect of EEC membership on Britain's trade deficit over the past two years has been "very small" and that available statistics "tell us nothing about longer-run effects."

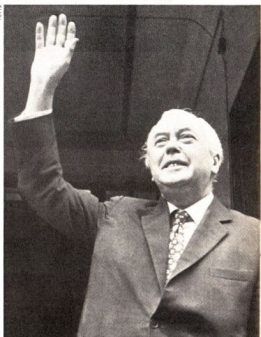
Politically, the most significant side effect of the referendum was the way it has shaken up the traditional alignment of British party politics. Throughout the two-month campaign, Wilson was virtually isolated from the power base that supported him through twelve years as party chief. Most of the major trade-union leaders, the party's national executive committee and more than half of the Labor M.P.s publicly opposed the Prime Minister on the issue. Wilson and such fellow Labor pro-Europeans as Home Secretary Roy Jenkins and Education Minister Reginald Prentice were forced into an informal coalition with Conservative and Liberal Party leaders, who almost unanimously supported the pro-Market cause.

Party Dogfight. Several of the strange political bedfellows seemed to like the experience. Said Prentice: "The Common Market campaign has united the majority of realistic and moderate politicians of all three parties. It has been a refreshing experience for us to work together in a common cause. I believe our cooperation has been welcomed by millions of people throughout Britain who have become fed up with the traditional party dogfight." When that encomium to cross-party cooperation brought shrill cries for his dismissal from left-wing Laborites, Prentice made it clear that he was not proposing a coalition government in any formal sense. Even so, he now stands in danger of being drummed out of the Cabinet by Wilson as a gesture of "even-handedness" to the left.

Indirectly, the large pro-Market vote gives Wilson a popular mandate to take firm measures to tackle Britain's disastrous 25% inflation. Before the referendum, he was handicapped in dealing with the nation's economic problems

—particularly with the politically sensitive issue of wage restraint—by the Labor Party divisions over the EEC. Even now Wilson cannot afford to purge the union-backed left, but the referendum has seriously undermined its claim to speak for "the people." (In South Yorkshire, the strongest Labor county in Britain and the scene of the most intensive union-backed anti-Market campaign, the vote was 63.4% pro-Market.) With his authority thus strengthened in dealing with the unions, Wilson is shortly expected to reshuffle his Cabinet in a way that will reinforce the position of

WILSON WAVES BEFORE CASTING HIS VOTE



BENN AFTER ANTI-MARKET MEETING



THE WORLD

Labor moderates on economic policy.

Among the left-wing Laborites who defied Wilson on the Market issue, Industry Minister Anthony Wedgwood Benn stands in greatest danger of being hoist with his own petard. It was Benn who in 1972 first proposed the Common Market referendum. At the time, opinion polls were reporting a solid 2-to-1 anti-Market majority. Benn saw the referendum as an ideal vehicle to propel himself into leadership of a populist left-wing movement that would assert its supremacy over the pro-Market establishment in the Labor Party. With the help of enormous and largely hostile press publicity, he turned the referendum into a plebiscite on himself as well as the EEC. It now seems that Benn overplayed his hand. A recent poll among Labor voters gives Benn a -2 popularity rating compared with a +67 rating for Wilson.

Healing Wounds. Wilson, however, has reportedly decided not to dismiss Benn from his Cabinet; to do so would only aggravate the party wounds that Wilson now hopes to heal. But to restore confidence in his government's ability to check inflation, Wilson will probably shift Benn—whose proposals to step up public ownership of industry have made him anathema to Britain's business and financial community—to a less economically powerful Cabinet ministry.

In European capitals, where the British results were received on the 31st anniversary of D-day, there was relief over the mercifully decisive end to a debate that had kept the EEC in a state of suspended animation for the past 15 months. As Roy Jenkins observed, D-day marked "Britain's re-entry into Europe... Now we are staying in."

DIPLOMACY

How the Allies Rate Ford

His first trip to Europe as President had clearly tried Gerald Ford. By the time Air Force One jet touched down in Rome last week, on the final stop of an exhausting seven-day tour that included a North Atlantic Treaty Organization summit and a meeting in Salzburg with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, Ford was described by an Italian official as looking as worn out "as a squeezed lemon." Happily, the President's final ten-hour stopover in Rome was diplomatically undemanding. There were exchanges of pleasantries with Italian leaders (partly to boost the fortunes of the ruling Christian Democrats in the upcoming regional elections) and a drive to Vatican City for a chat with Pope Paul VI.

Brief though it was, the President's Italian visit contributed to what was a major purpose of his journey: to give Western Europe's leaders a chance to size up Gerald Ford. Their guarded verdict: passing grades for the President. "His only real slip was the physical one," said a British official, referring to the much photographed fall that Ford took at Salzburg airport.

Ford's performance, in fact, surprised most Europeans. There had been a fairly widespread impression among Europe's diplomats and journalists that the President was an earnest nonentity. That unflattering assessment reflected Ford's unimpressive performance in his first encounters with Europeans after he entered the White House. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, for instance, had come away from a White

House meeting last December doubting that Ford possessed enough intelligence to be an effective President. The British and French were similarly skeptical.

In the wake of the recent European tour, however, most European leaders feel confident that Ford, as a British diplomat put it, "is growing into his job." Schmidt indicated that he was delighted with Ford's display of real leadership. Remarkably a senior Bonn official: "We now think Ford knows where he is going, even if he isn't quite sure why."

During the trip, Europeans were especially interested in the relationship between Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Because of the President's limited experience in foreign affairs, it was assumed that he would be almost totally dependent on Kissinger, who has frequently been criticized by Europeans for not being sympathetic to the Continent's needs. Although Ford said nothing that broke with the Kissinger line, Europeans now believe that the President may be capable of being his own man and of eventually putting his own imprint on U.S. policies. Italian diplomats noted that during a complicated *tour d'horizon* of foreign issues in Rome with Premier Aldo Moro, Ford never turned to Kissinger for consultation.

Like Eisenhower. Europeans were also pleased by Ford's style, which they characterize as warm, candid, direct, open and firm. At the Vatican, one prelate was impressed with Ford's "physical presence," while another thought he noted a certain similarity to Eisenhower. "Calm activism" is the way Italian officials describe the impression given by Ford that "he doesn't want to let a situation stagnate. He really wants to set the whole chessboard into motion."

If Europe was pleased by the Ford trip, so was Washington, which sees the President as having a calming effect on the world. "Ford's appeal, aside from the powers he wields, may be no more unusual than his simplicity," reports TIME Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sidey. "Ford eschews tricks or fancy talk. In Europe, he had his approach down pat. Look, he said to the man seated across from him, here is how I see the problems. When Ford did not understand, he asked questions. When he was obviously unknowing, he dragged in his aides. With Britain's Harold Wilson, Ford shared economic-recession talk. Then the President listened carefully when Chancellor Schmidt, who is almost an ex-officio member of Ford's Council of Economic Advisers, talked economics. Schmidt loved it. All of Europe's leaders, apparently, were touched by Ford's warmth and decency. Perhaps that is not all that unusual; Ford does that to most people who encounter him."

FORD & KISSINGER ARE GREETED BY POPE PAUL VI AT THE VATICAN



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SOUTH WEST AFRICA

Timetable for Independence

One after another, the last bastions of white supremacy in southern Africa are collapsing: Mozambique and Angola are set to become independent after centuries of Portuguese rule, while Rhodesia's white minority government finds itself in an increasingly precarious position.

Change is also coming to South West Africa, the desolate territory that the government of South Africa has ruled for the past 55 years. Last week, under pressure from Pretoria, the territory's all-white Executive Council announced that it would enact laws dismantling some of the most common and onerous forms of *apartheid*: hotels, restaurants and cafés would admit nonwhites, and "whites only" signs would be banned from all public buildings. These actions followed South African Prime Minister John Vorster's recent call for the convening of a multiracial constitutional conference representing both the territory's 100,000 whites and its 800,000 blacks as a first step toward independence. He declared: "The people of South West Africa must decide."

Legal Claim. To the many critics of Pretoria's rule over South West Africa, these moves come too late and do not go far enough. The Organization of African Unity has long demanded that South Africa grant the territory full independence. So has the United Nations, which in 1968 renamed the territory Namibia (after the barren Namib Desert). Last winter the U.N. Security Council demanded that South Africa give up control of Namibia. Last week, however, the U.S., Britain and France vetoed a Black African resolution calling for a mandatory arms embargo on South Africa to force the issue. Yet, even the International Court of Justice at The Hague has weighed in against Pretoria; in a 1972 decision it voided South Africa's legal claim to the territory, which goes back to a League of Nations mandate.

South Africa, however, will not read-

ily relinquish its links to Namibia. Although the sprawling 318,261-sq.-mi. region is desperately short of water, and imports most of its fuel, food and consumer goods, it has rich mineral resources. South Africa's De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd., produces 14% of the world's supply of gemstone diamonds from its Namibia operation. There are also sizable deposits of copper, lead and uranium, while the huge herds of Karakul sheep are prized for Persian lamb coats. All told, South Africa's investment in the territory exceeds \$1 billion.

Pretoria has tried to protect its stake in Namibia by wooing chiefs of the eleven black tribes, which range in size from the 400,000 Ovambos to a small group of Stone Age Bushmen. The Ovambos have been granted a large measure of local autonomy in Ovamboland, a *bantustan* the size of The Netherlands on the territory's border with Angola. Pretoria has built hospitals, schools and waterworks for Ovamboland. Vorster hopes that many Ovambos, grateful for what South Africa has done, will vote at the constitutional conference to become a separate state, maintaining some links to Pretoria. "I regard the South African government as a friend," Ovambo Chief Minister Philemon Elifas told TIME's Peter Hawthorne.

Even before last week's Executive Council announcement, Pretoria had spared Namibia a few of the horrors of *apartheid* that exist in South Africa. There have been no legal bars to prevent blacks from buying land in white areas, and the better-paying jobs have not been automatically reserved for whites. Moreover, Pretoria recently rescinded the hated "pass laws" that had restricted movement of migrant black workers within Namibia.

These measures failed to satisfy the militant leaders of the South West African People's Organization. Claiming to speak for most of the territory's nonwhites, SWAPO wants immediate independence and rule by the black majority. The militants, who have received arms from Communist countries, have launched sporadic guerrilla attacks against South African military outposts. SWAPO is contemptuous of black leaders who favor retaining some ties with South Africa and charges that local elections in Ovamboland have been rigged to guarantee the victory of chiefs and headmen sympathetic to Pretoria. "We are intimidated, restricted and in fear of our safety," says Skinny Hilundwa, SWAPO regional leader. In fact, Hilundwa and a dozen of his colleagues were able to speak freely last week with a group of visiting foreign journalists, including Hawthorne.

Moving Faster. Whether the militants take control of the move to independence in Namibia may depend on how quickly Pretoria pushes forward with its own timetable for the region. The dismantling of white regimes in neighboring states and the continuing pressure of world opinion have clearly prompted South Africa to begin moving faster. Last week Vorster's top adviser for the territory, Ruelofse F. ("Pik") Botha, insisted that the white leaders of South West Africa "now believe that good relationships between blacks and whites are of extreme importance. Some whites are even agreeing with me that Namibia is not a bad name."

ATWOK FRANK



OVAMBOs AT WORK IN DIAMOND MINES



SOUTH AFRICA'S "PIK" BOTHA

Getting whites to agree that Namibia is not a bad name.



CHILE

Terror Under the Junta

On May 3, Guillermo Hernan Herrera Manriquez was arrested by DINA, Chile's dread secret police, near Santiago's central railroad station. Herrera was detained briefly and then was taken to his father's home; along with the rest of his family, he was placed under house arrest. The next day Herrera was allowed to speak to his wife, who reported that he had been badly beaten and his ears, mouth and genitals subjected to electric shock. Herrera was permitted no medical attention by his DINA guards. Two

immediately after the coup, and summary shootings have stopped, but terror has become institutionalized. It operates in the hands of DINA, which has an estimated membership of 1,000 and is responsible only to Military Strongman Augusto Pinochet Ugarte. DINA (Dirección de Informaciones Nacionales) maintains centers for interrogation where dozens of suspects are brutally tortured as a matter of routine. Says a senior foreign diplomat in Santiago: "With the single exception of detainees released [meaning those interrogated and exiled], I defy you to find any tangible improvement in human rights."

Recent Victims. Last month, with considerable fanfare, General Pinochet signed a new decree requiring police officials to notify a prisoner's family within 48 hours of his detention and, more important, prohibiting "illegal pressure on detainees," meaning torture. But in one two-week period since the decree, according to legal sources, about 30 people were seized by the police; 19 of them have not been seen since. Among the recent victims is a socialist named Sergio Zamora Torres. Seized and tortured for six hours, Zamora eventually managed to get the protection of Raúl Cardinal Silva Henríquez, head of Chile's increasingly oppositionist Roman Catholic Church. Zamora was examined by Silva's doctor and found to show burns on his arms, legs, genitals and nose, plus evidence of beating. With the help of the cardinal, he was able to get a safe-conduct pass out of the country, but at last word he was still in Santiago.

Despite continued repression, there has been a cautious but discernible rise in public criticism of the junta. The main target of the complaints has been the regime's economic policies, which thus far have failed to curb the country's astronomical inflation, now rocketing at the rate of 1% each day, or its 15% unemployment rate.

Most Chileans recognize that the junta did not cause the country's economic problems; indeed, when the military overthrew Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens in 1973, inflation was running at a rate of 800% annually. But even right-wingers who ardently supported the 1973 coup have now begun to speak out about the "social cost" of the government's approach to the economy. Under Finance Minister Jorge Cauas, the government is resorting to economic "shock treatment"—15% to 25% reductions in government spending and attempts to hold the money supply down. Basically, the government's economic planners want to return to an unrestricted free-market economy with none of the bloated employment lists, subsidies or price controls of the Allende regime. The problem is that this recessionary program is likely to push unemployment up to 20% in the coming months.

The most influential figure to criticize the junta so far is former Christian

Democratic President Eduardo Frei. In a recent interview published by the Santiago newsweekly *El Mercurio*, Frei complained that the junta's rejection of any sort of economic controls would only lead to monopoly. "This is what is actually happening: a greater concentration of power and wealth."

Frei and other critics have been careful to limit their statements to the economy, but they contain an implicit political criticism as well. Indeed, secret-police repression has discouraged many foreign governments from helping Chile overcome its economic plight.

The country's economic difficulties become ever more obvious as Chile enters the South American winter. Hunger is settling into the shantytowns around Santiago as the poor find it increasingly difficult to buy food. Workers' salaries, often only \$25 to \$30 a month, have not kept pace with prices, which rose 94% in the first four months of this year. The fall in international copper prices has badly hurt Chile's major export commodity, forcing the government, in conjunction with other copper-producing nations, to lower production by 15%.

As yet, nobody thinks that the junta's hold on the country is threatened by the discontent. The junta leaders—who self-righteously claim that criticism is the work of Communists—may not be aware of the rising doubts about their performance. Yet a sense of unease on the part of many Chileans is unmistakable. If the police terror and economic deterioration are not reversed, many more will blame Pinochet and the junta—not the damage wrought by Allende—for the country's hardships.

AUSTRALIA

The Prince of Hutt River

When the wheat quota for his Western Australia farm was cut in 1969, Leonard Casley protested that the government was trying to make him a pauper. Rather than let that happen, Casley decided to make himself a prince.

On April 21, 1970, he served notice of secession and declared his 18,500-acre farm a sovereign state, which he called the Province of Hutt River (pop. 20). Clad in white tie and tails and sporting an old British naval sword, he dubbed himself Prince Leonard and elevated his family and friends to the peerage. Deeming him a harmless eccentric, the federal government pretended not to notice the prince and his province. But Casley, 47, the son of a Kalgoorlie railroad fireman, has proved difficult to ignore. United Nations Secretary General Kurt Waldheim recently received a letter from Prince Leonard—on Hutt River letterhead—applying for acceptance as an observer member country.

The application was politely shut aside. Nonetheless, with the help of



JUNTA LEADER PINOCHET

Doubts about performance.

days later, his father heard noises from the room where his son was being held. Bursting in, he saw his son vomiting blood. Moments later he died. The DINA agents removed the body and tried to erase the traces of the crime. Later Herrera's corpse showed up in the morgue; there was no record of who had brought it there.

The Herrera incident, which a Santiago lawyer active in human rights cases swears is true, symbolizes a grim fact about life in Chile today: the torture stories that were the hallmark of the military junta's first year still continue. True, midnight arrests and unexplained detentions are rarer now than



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AND AN OIL THAT SET NEW ONES?**

1972. And if multi-grade motor oils had one serious shortcoming it was that they broke down too quickly, losing their ability to protect fully in all driving conditions and temperature extremes.

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The Phillips Petroleum Company. Surprised?

The Performance Company



his wife Princess Shirley and their three sons—Postmaster General Ian, 28, Foreign Minister Wayne, 25, and Treasurer Richard, 21—Prince Leonard is still printing his own currency and stamps. He is also establishing foreign trade (largely through the sale of his stamps). He hopes to give a more monumental appearance to the province's capital, whose growing population (now 30) is presently housed in half a dozen unimposing brick and cement buildings. Hutt River already has its own flag, its own anthem and its own coat of arms (a bull's head, eagle and scales symbolizing agriculture, freedom and justice).

Curiosity seekers started streaming into the province, a scrubby sand plain 14 miles from the Indian Ocean and enlivened only by an occasional kangaroo. Tourism rose from 3,000 in 1970 to 40,000 last year. Mail from round the world is running at 200 letters a week, many from prospective settlers who apparently see the province as a potential Elysium-on-Hutt. An air service flies in from Perth (370 miles south) twice weekly, first circling the capital as a signal to the prince to clear the grassy landing strip of grazing cattle.

Modest Success. Casley's ambitious future plans for Hutt River include \$260 million worth of hotels, casinos, a sports complex and a broadcasting system "as large as Radio Luxembourg." He has a 14-man diplomatic corps, which includes a Canadian archbishop and a London brewer who have volunteered to serve as "ambassadors." These

envoys are looking for investors, so far with only modest success. As yet, the capital's sights include only a chapel, a restaurant and souvenir shop-cum-post office, where tourists can buy Hutt River T shirts (\$4) and wall plaques (\$5.30)—but no Hutt River ashtrays. Sniffs the protocol-conscious prince: "You never stub cigarettes on heraldry." Casley plans soon to station a sentry on the Hutt River border and require visitors to purchase visas for 53c. Although the prince will not divulge financial details, he concedes that an estimated \$200,000 a year from tourism "could be about right."

Casley has had only a few minor skirmishes with Australian authorities. When charged with selling liquor without a license, he paid the fine but described the case as "an aggressive act by a neighboring power." When Foreign Minister Wayne was called for national service, he objected and asked to be deported to his own country; the matter was dropped.

But as the legend of Prince Leonard grows, the Canberra government and the Western Australia state government are finding his quixotic tilts at their bureaucracy increasingly nettlesome. Federal authorities recently issued a starchy departmental memo instructing that Casley must not be addressed by his title. "The Australian government does not recognize the existence of Hutt River province," says the Prime Minister's office. To Canberra, Prince Leonard remains plain Mr. Casley of Lockhart Street, Como, Western Australia.



PRINCE LEONARD WITH DUBBING SWORD

The Unhappy Hookers



Prostitution is legal in France, but soliciting customers is not. It always has been a difficult distinction to make in practice, and last week the angry prostitutes of Lyon decided that the police were trampling on their rights. As part of Interior Minister Michel Poniatowski's general crackdown on vice, local police had been regularly pulling in Lyon's lovelies and fining them \$40 for "conduct tending to provoke debauchery." In protest, some 200 prostitutes from the Lyon area camped with sleeping bags in the 15th century St.-Nizier church and announced that they would continue to occupy the premises until police were ordered to ease the pressure.

The group demanded support from Françoise Giroud, State Secretary for Women's Affairs, and even from President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Recalling Giscard's campaign promise to be "President of all the French," the hookers noted logically that he was "thus President of the prostitutes." "Why should we be considered marginal members of society?" demanded Ulla, a comely mid-20s blonde who was declared spokesperson for the group. The ladies got more support from a friendly Lyon public, in the form of free food and drink, than from the government. State Secretary Giroud referred the problem to the Minister of the Interior. "Prostitution is a masculine phenomenon," she remarked in passing the buck. Father Antonin Beal, the parish priest, offered perhaps the most resourceful response to St.-Nizier's unlikely occupation forces. Timidly presenting himself in front of his captive audience, he delivered a sermonette on the redemption of Mary Magdalen.

The holiday did not work. At week's end, in fact, the prostitutes' strike spread to other cities. Emulating their sisters in Lyon, an estimated 200 girls gathered at a chapel in an office development in central Paris. A church in Marseilles was occupied by another 200 unhappy hookers. In the Riviera resorts of Cannes and Nice a number of prostitutes stayed away from their customary sidewalk beats.

PROSTITUTES OCCUPYING CHURCH

Nine months ago, Margaux Hemingway stepped off a plane at New York's La Guardia Airport. Like other immigrants to the Big Apple, she was a little green. She had the blessing of the folks back home in Ketchum, Idaho, a happy disposition and a waiting boy friend. As a "hot-dog skier" and sometime soccer player, and with only a year of odd jobs behind her, she did not have the exact skills suited to Manhattan's job market. But her grandfather had been Ernest Hemingway, so she had a well-known name. And though some of the guys in Sun Valley used to call her "Pigpen," she was tall and blonde. Anyway, a girl can dream, can't she?

Within a month, Margaux's name was popping up all over the place. Within two, she was picking up top-scale fees for modeling gigs (\$100 an hour). By the time her 20th birthday came round in February, Margaux had posed for a *Vogue* cover, was starring at celebrity-jammed parties, and had announced her engagement to Boy Friend Errol Wetson. On the pop scales, Margaux was beginning to outrank even Mick Jagger. Clearly, something big was about to happen to Margaux. Sure enough, in the middle of May, just 249 days after her arrival in Manhattan, she landed the biggest advertising contract ever given to a woman: \$1 million from Fabergé to promote a new, unnamed scent. Said Margaux simply: "It's the best, you guys."

Why Margaux? Well, the boys back home must have been short or myopic. Margaux is the American Sex Dream incarnate, a prairie Valkyrie, 6 ft. tall and 138 lbs. "I never saw such a big, marvelous, wide-eyed, warm girl," recalls Fashion Artist Joe Eula, one of her first mentors. "She just made me feel so good." Effortlessly, Margaux stands out in a gallery of fresh young faces, newcomers who are making their names in modeling, movies, ballet and in the exacting art of simply living well. They add up to an exhilarating crop of new beauties who light up the landscape in the U.S. and abroad.

Their chief distinction is variety. It used to be that every few years yielded a different image. In 1960 it was Jackie Kennedy's finishing-school polish, later Twiggy's innocent charm and the tomboyish Ali MacGraw. But increasingly women refuse to accept anyone else's beauty package. Today the one standard left is the camera's unblinking eye. Margaux is a photographer's ideal, and despite the trend to diversity, hers is the face of a generation, as recognizable and memorable as Lisa Fonssagrives and Jean Shrimpton. When Margaux has her hair wet and slicked back, Photographer Francesco Scavullo thinks she looks Etruscan. Says Designer Halston: "She has all the components to become

a modern young superstar—openness, infectiousness, beauty and the ambition to follow through."

Openness and a boggling spontaneity have made Margaux something more than a model, a pop personality. She may be too big for model clothes—her shoes are a size 9½—but she is so natural she makes *soignée* sound like a dirty word. Manhattan, which has made famous such gaudy eccentrics as Andy Warhol and Tiny Tim, is enchanted by the antics of a seemingly guileless hick. Even fashion's supreme arbiter, Diana Vreeland, renowned for her aphorisms ("Pink is the navy blue of India"), lapsed into hyperbole: "She has such energy of beauty—it just flashes out at you." Meanwhile, in her husky, baby-Carol Channing voice, Margaux was revealing that she had really been christened Margot. Then one night her parents told her she had been conceived after they had downed an exceptional vintage of Château Margaux. *Voilà!*

Nervous at her first interviews, Margaux snapped her fingers and came on with language and syntax baffling to anyone over 15. "You just keep snap-

pin'," she would say. Growing more confident, she let out "Yippie-skipppies" of pleasure and would growl "Rich, happy blues." As her bookings grew, Margaux cried, "Just t.c.b.—taking care of business!" Says Scavullo: "She talks a mile a minute. She chews gum until she gets in front of the camera; then we carry a silver spoon and platter to her and take the gum."

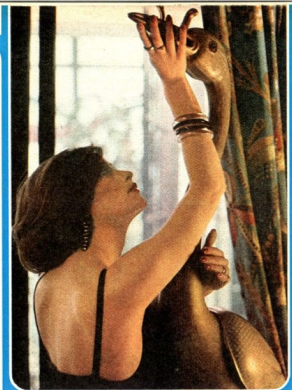
Margaux did pine for the great outdoors. "I saw *The Four Musketeers* and I wanted to fence," she said wistfully. She tried jogging around Central Park

The more Margaux the merrier: first she strikes an austere fashion pose in sequins, then simulates a crash on the ski slopes.

COVER STORY

The New Beauties





Photographs for Tint by Dirck Halstead



Clockwise: Beverly Johnson shows off a Halston; Nicky Lane at home with a crane; Deborah Raffin waiting for her next role.



Clockwise from left: Princess Caroline strikes a formal pose; Carrie Fisher in London; Isabelle Adjani as Victor Hugo's daughter in "Adele H."; Carmen Ordóñez de Rivera swinging in Spain.

reservoir, but a band of urban guerrillas hounded her, yelling, "Hi, Shorty!" Yoga, she decided, was a suitably citified form of exercise. One evening she discovered a new position she thought would lengthen the lifeline in her hand. "I felt so energized," she beamed. "That's how I like to feel—healthy and energized."

That is how Margaux grew up in Idaho's spectacular Sun Valley, where her father Jack, Ernest's eldest son, settled down in 1967 after throwing over a career as a stockbroker. He is now a member of the state's fish and game commission. Jack and his wife Puck, a gourmet cook and an old friend of Julia Child's, brought up their three daughters—Margaux, Joan ("Muffet"), 25, and Mariel, 13—to hunt, fish, shoot and ski. Margaux had a prodigious appetite for Puck's meals too. As a result she suffers from "foodism." A plump bebopper, she felt the pangs of sibling rivalry when Muffet became the 1968 Idaho woman tennis champion and modeled some very sexy clothes in a local show. She was also an expert skier, who chose to become a ski clown, a reckless hot-dogger. "Margaux never did like competition," says Jack, "and I think that's why she wasn't too interested in school."

Her parents encouraged her to try art school, but Margaux was too energized to buckle down and took off after a year for Europe. Her adventures were just as lively, if less genteel, than Lorelei Lee's. In Morocco, she was "sorta kidnapped" by a smuggling gang who made her into an unwitting hash courier. Fortunately, a friendly mechanic ("He was just snappin'") sniffed out the fact that her car was mined with hash. Recalls Margaux: "It was really veggy" (translation: Margaux could not move or think).

"Margaux is neither domestic nor domesticated. She's a free spirit," says her father, now 51. Still, there was a stir last Christmas when, for the first time, Margaux brought a man home. He was Errol Wetson, 34, a second-generation entrepreneur, whose father ran a vari-

ety of concessions in the East. Errol's career has been bold but erratic. Since age 18, when he and his brother started Wetson's hamburger chain, he has bought and sold antique cars, run a trendy Manhattan restaurant called Le Drugstore, imported soft denim, and backed the TV show *Kung Fu*. One day last spring, he was sitting in his favorite place, the Plaza hotel's Palm Court, when he saw Margaux, who was in town for a skiing promotion gig. Their eyes locked. They have been in love ever since, and when Margaux arrived in New York last fall, they pooled their resources, rented a grungy Upper East Side pad and settled down to construct the Big Deal. Frequent reassuring trips to the Palm Court were necessary. "If things began to cave in or if we were confused, we would rush over there, sit at a table, and suddenly things became clearer," says Errol. Margaux says, "Errol has horns but he's an angel."

The Hemingways were at first cautious about Errol. But since that Christmas visit, Errol has been in close touch with Jack. Together with Margaux's agent Peggy Nestor, they set up the Fabergé deal, which runs until 1980 and may yield Margaux more than a million if she promotes other products for Fabergé as well.

She is hurt by the recurrent criticism that Errol has exploited her. "The other day," she says, "he came to me and gave me his share of the deal." When she got film offers, it was Errol who cautioned her to wait until she was ready. She plans to take acting lessons in preparation for a movie career, but first she and Errol are honeymooning in Europe and South America. Marriage may come later—or next week. Her younger sister Mariel is not so sure: "I don't know—Margaux is kinda crazy."

Crazy like Napoleon. Margaux has picked up the fashion world and wrapped it round her little finger; she has tamed the press and subdued Madison Avenue. "It's like a fairy tale," she agrees. "But blah blah, woof woof," as Jimi Hendrix used to say. Says Miss Mary, Ernest Hemingway's widow (and Margaux's step-grandmother): "She was such a nice healthy kid, I hope nothing spoils her, natch." About her publicity-hating grandfather, Margaux is admir-



Joan Hemingway in Manhattan.

ingly respectful, exulting: "Grandpa's spirit's in my marrow." But she prefers people to realize that it is Margaux, not Ernest, who is the big name today. She is even getting over her fear of competition. When Joan came to New York recently to promote the movie *Rosebud*, for which she had helped write the original novel, Margaux talked up Muffet's forthcoming cookbook, *Picnic Gourmet*, to the press.

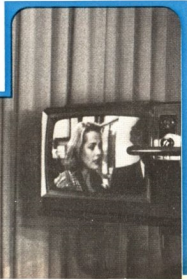
Now that she is rich and free, "the girl of the '70s," Margaux is moving from pop fame to superstardom. Her life seems to stretch ahead of her like a field of virgin snow. Margaux likes that terrain. Says she: "I love to ski in powder. Then I can look back and see my tracks alone—nobody else's at all."

Professional Beauties

Although Margaux is almost literally out of sight, she is not alone in the rather special world of professional beauties. Many make \$100,000 a year or more from their looks. "You either



Margaux and Errol watch her television debut on a news show.



PEOPLE

have it or you don't," says Carrie Donovan of *Harper's Bazaar*. "A beauty must be able to project herself, be dramatic, an actress." Hollywood Starlet Deborah Raffin, 22, a lean blonde with almost cliché American looks, has projected herself with more effect on the covers of glossy magazines than in the movies. Picked at age 19 to play Liv Ullmann's daughter in *40 Carats*, she also starred in the uproariously bad *Once Is Not Enough*. Deborah insists on being identified when she models. "She does it to build her name," says her husband-manager, Michael Viner. The Viners are a refreshingly naive couple in Beverly Hills. Deborah likes stuffed animals, and Michael, who is also a record producer, insists that no mention of hard drugs be made in any of the songs he produces. Deborah, too, has firm ideas. In *Enough*, she played January, the chick who matures with the help of alcohol and drugs, but she modified the role to a more normal adolescence. She also objects to nudity in films: "It violates my privacy." That stand prompted Co-Star Kirk Douglas to ostracize her on the set. He

accused her of being frigid. "It seems funny now," says Deborah. "But at the time it took all my strength to hold back the tears. I never want anyone to think I'm one of the thousands of 'starlets' who will do anything to be in a movie."

Beverly Johnson, 23, approaches movies with less fretting. She is one of the top models, "not just the biggest top black model," earning more than \$100,000 a year. Beverly is a lithe bronze beauty with the

women because "we've never been taught how to take care of ourselves."

As a teen-ager from a middle-class family in Buffalo, Beverly's ambition was to make the U.S. swimming team for the 1968 Olympics (she missed by a splash). But now other opportunities are opening up. This year she is concentrating on singing and acting in preparation for a Hollywood screen test, and last year she appeared on-screen for the first time in *Land of Negritude*, a documentary about an American who returns to

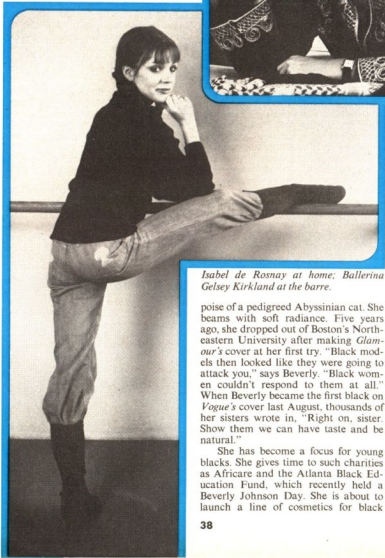
Africa. On location at Senegal's Island of Gorée, from which slaves were shipped to America, she was for the first time moved by her heritage. "Maybe my grandmother was there." The President of Senegal, the poet Léopold Sédar Senghor, had other ideas. Bowled over by her beauty, he wrote two poems in her honor and proclaimed, "The Queen of Sheba is here before me."

Not Exactly Like Mom

Debbie Reynolds was the madcap of the '50s, a slip of a colleen with a heart-shaped face. Her daughter Carrie Fisher, 18, is the madcap of the '70s, a dourly funny sophisticate. Debbie's big hit movie was the innocuous *Tammy and the Bachelor*, in which she played a professional teen-age virgin. Carrie has a hit flick too: Warren Beatty's Beverly Hills satire *Shampoo*. She also played a teen-ager—a nymphomaniac who traps Beatty into bed.

Ironically, it is Carrie who looks like the old-fashioned girl. Her round face and soft brown eyes have a grave gentleness that might have prompted Beatrix Potter to call her "sweetly pretty." But Carrie has a mischievous grin, sharper, more biting than Debbie's ever was, and her demeanor is world-weary. A show business kid, Carrie knows all the steps but cannot quite catch life's tune. "Emotionally, I'm crippled," she likes to explain, "I have to catch up on myself."

Just at the moment, it is easier to work on her career; this year she is studying at a London drama school bridging what she hopes is only a transitional hiatus in her career. "I'm too old to play little whores and teen-age rape victims," she says. The trouble is, Carrie knows that women's roles in Hollywood are still stereotyped and their range is sadly limited. "Women," she says, "no longer just get sown while men do all the sowing." Carrie's acerbic commentaries make social life difficult. "It's hard to get turned on by a man the same age. Boys always used to be intimidated because I could use the word ostensibly." Beatty, however, has chosen Carrie to help him promote *Shampoo* this summer.



Isabel de Rosnay at home; Ballerina Gelsey Kirkland at the barre.

poise of a pedigreed Abyssinian cat. She beams with soft radiance. Five years ago, she dropped out of Boston's Northeastern University after making *Glamour's* cover at her first try. "Black models then looked like they were going to attack you," says Beverly. "Black women couldn't respond to them at all." When Beverly became the first black on *Vogue's* cover last August, thousands of her sisters wrote in, "Right on, sister. Show them we can have taste and be natural."

She has become a focus for young blacks. She gives time to such charities as Africare and the Atlanta Black Education Fund, which recently held a Beverly Johnson Day. She is about to launch a line of cosmetics for black

identity problems also plague Patricia Neal's daughter Tessa Dahl, 18. When Tessa decided to act, Bette Davis told her, "If you do a nude scene, I shall never speak to you again." Tessa does not want to do a nude scene, but she would do almost anything for a break. She promises to be her mother's double: tall and graceful with the same wide face and wide-spaced eyes; she has the same seductive smile. The only thing missing is what Critic Kenneth Tynan called Pat Neal's "dark brown voice." Her father Roald Dahl, the British writer, confirms another similarity: "She's a worldly, ambitious girl, just like her mother."

So far, Tessa's ambitions have been frustrated. She appeared with her mother in *Happy Mother's Day*... *Love, George* in 1973, but the movie flopped. Recently John Houston saw her and flipped; she was offered the only female role in his movie *The Man Who Would Be King* on condition she slimmed down by 20 lbs. and had her eyeteeth capped. She dieted so enthusiastically she became ill, only to learn the part had gone to the wife of Michael Caine, the film's star. "I cried all night."

Tessa is the Dahls' eldest daughter since her sister Olivia died of encephalitis in 1962, and there is something wistful in her striving to be a star. She really believes "a woman's place is in the home and an acting career is not good for marriage," but she is not ready to settle down. Her parents are encouraging her independence. They recently bought a London apartment for her. But she does not want it known too quickly that she has stopped housekeeping for her boy friend, the Hon. Patrick Fisher, a rich young man about town. Show business, she knows only too well, is a lot of hype—and giving up such a trendy arrangement might kill her publicity.

Star Performers

Just three weeks ago, Gelsey Kirkland, 22, stopped onstage at Washington, D.C.'s Kennedy Center. She was dancing her first Giselle, the role that is the ultimate test for a ballerina. When the curtain came down, Kirkland was established as America's newest prima ballerina. She evoked memories of Makarova's lyrical lightness and the authority of Plisetskaya. But her speed is her own. Gelsey on points flies like a swallow.

Offstage, she is a piquant rag doll with huge blue eyes fringed with black lashes. Her face reflects the determination to survive in a profession that allows no respite: "If I miss one day of dancing, I can feel it." At age 15, after she had entered George Balanchine's New York City Ballet, Gelsey developed tendinitis. By the time Mr. B. selected her to dance in *Firebird* two years later, dancing had become unbearably painful. "I had forced a great deal." She almost gave up. Instead, in an effort comparable to Ru-

binstein's retraining himself at age 45, Gelsey re-evaluated her technique. When Mikhail Baryshnikov (*TIME* cover, May 19) joined the American Ballet Theater last summer, she was Balanchine's major star. Still, when "Misha" asked her to be his partner, she was stunned: "Obviously, I said yes, but I can't even remember the words."

Leaving Balanchine for the rival A.B.T. was a wrench, but Gelsey has matured fast. Immersing herself in long romantic ballets has made her stage personality stronger. But what really gives Gelsey's dancing the sense of surprised delight is her energy. That was what first brought her to Balanchine's attention. Surveying a class of eleven-year-olds, he told them to do a step "with great energy." Gelsey was so sprung she fell flat. "That's right," beamed Mr. B., and he skipped her a whole division.

France, too, has an emergent superstar. Isabelle Adjani, 19, is "the only actress who has made me cry in front of a television screen," said Director François Truffaut after seeing her in Giraudoux's *Ondine*. Truffaut signed her for an epic role, the doomed daughter of Victor Hugo in *The Story of Adele H.*, to be released this fall.

dreams and intense drama. Ever since she was a schoolgirl in the Paris suburb of Gennevilliers, people have wanted to make her a star. At 17 she was made one of the youngest members in France's oldest acting ensemble, the Comédie Française. In her first season, she played Agnes in *The School for Wives*. When Jean-Loup Badadie, one of France's leading screenwriters (*Cesar* and *Rosalie*) saw her in 1973, he wrote a comedy of the generation gap, *La Gifle* (*A Slap in the Face*) for her. When it opened last fall in Paris, Isabelle as a teen-age scamp stole the show from Co-Stars Annie Girardot and Lino Ventura.

Adjani is single-minded: "My private life is my professional life." Early next year she starts filming a musical comedy with Yves Montand. Exults *La Gifle* Director Claude Pinoteau, "After Morgan, Bardot and Moreau, we have waited 15 years for a new young leading lady. Now we have one."



Actress Tessa Dahl resting in London's Hyde Park.

"I wanted to do a film with her very quickly," he explained, "because I thought I could steal from her those precious things—the way her face and body express everything."

Isabelle's face is mirror clear, a pale oval with limpid blue eyes and the mien of a Corot model. Her simplicity suggests genius: a fleeting idea or nuance of feeling sets her trembling; she offers intimations of grand passions, great

Millionettes

Last year when things looked glum, Andy Warhol's gossip sheet *Interview* defined a new figure in society: the millionette. Now these "rich young brats" have succeeded café society, the jet set and the beautiful people as social pacesetters. To emulate them, however, requires a lot of loot. Take the personi-



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fication of the ideal, Nicky Lane, 23, a *dégagée* Englishwoman with fire-engine red hair, matte-white face and enormous carmelian eyes. "She looks like an apricot," says her whimsical husband Kenneth Jay Lane, the costume-jewelry designer. Nicky is what Cole Porter liked to call "rich-rich"; she inherited a pile from her father Howard Samuel, a London property magnate.

Now ensconced in a Manhattan town house (Kenny is her second husband, her first marriage was a brief misalliance), Nicky is a happy lotus-eater. She and Kenny, who is pretty rich himself, are the hosts with the most publicity. They throw a last-minute dinner for any friend who drops in from "another planet," and "we let people wander all over the house." Nicky also gives tea parties (replete with cucumber sandwiches) in their "Kenny Gothic" drawing room, a jungle of sculpture, animal skins, Chinese tea chests and scattered bibelots.

Isabel de Rosnay, 21, is richer than Nicky. She is a billionette (looks like a billion), an heir to the fortune of her grandfather Antenor Patiño, the Bolivian tin king. She resembles a sleek, lacquered Andean Indian. Despite her wealth, Isabel is not idle. She does free-lance public relations work, and helps her husband Baron Arnaud de Rosnay, 29, known as the *Baronito*, promote backgammon in Europe. Recently, the Rosnays spent some time in the Middle East. Arnaud has devised an oil game, Monopoly style, called Petropolis (\$790 for silver-plated derricks and gold-plated platforms in a green morocco case). Isabel fell in love with Saudi Arabia: "Women may not be visible, but they are taken care of. Men do all the heavy things. There's none of that 'Carry your own bags, lady.' " Arnaud has probably never asked her to carry anything heavier than a silver-plated derrick. That is lucky, because Isabel is fashionably fragile. A friend says that Isabel has only one fault: she is seldom on time. This may be because Isabel, who finds tending her looks very demanding, has sudden, crippling doubts about her appearance. "If I am tired or feeling bad, I just can't go out," she explains. "My friends would never recognize me."

Princess Grace would rather not, thank you very much, think of her daughter Caroline, 18, as a millionette. "She is a very level-headed girl," says Grace. Mom notwithstanding, Caroline is a natural ornament of any smart set. She is charming, mercurial and regal, a Grimm heroine who has all of Europe wondering what she will do next, and hoping against hope that she will only settle for Prince Charles. (She will not, because the Prince of Wales cannot marry a Roman Catholic.) Just now, Caroline is studying at Paris' elite Institut d'Etudes Politiques, and she is strictly

chaperoned by Grace. "Take one look at the girl. Can you blame her?" asks a sympathetic friend. Caroline fairly smolders whenever she gets the chance, earning admiring appraisals from Parisians or revealing almost total décolletage at a disco.

She is far more the daughter of her father Prince Rainier III of Monaco than of Grace Kelly of Philadelphia and Hollywood: the immigrant Kellys' struggle for social acceptance is beyond her ken. She can chaff the prostitutes that line Avenue Foch outside her parents' Paris apartment and even joke when one is dropped off by a customer: "I wonder how those girls keep their hairdos in such good shape." But she will not be bourgeois. Grace would like her to take a cooking course at Maxim's. Says Caroline: "We have slaves for that." Replies Grace gently: "Yes, darling. I am your slave."

Caroline is used to having her own way in her father's principality. Her own zoo used to prowl the palace in Monaco; one unfortunate nanny was pinned to the floor on arrival by a Rhodesian ridgeback. A baby lion playfully snapped at the heels of visiting celebrities until finally banished. "It was smelly," says Grace. Now Caroline is content with a couple of horses and her Yorkie, Tif-Tif; they are the safe kind of pet that a mother loves. But Caroline is only biding her time. As she suddenly informed Grace in the middle of a family spat, "I can fool you, Mother. I can fool you any time."

A time warp intervenes between 20th century Paris and Spain. The only swinging Carmen Ordóñez de Rivera, 21, does is from the ropes in her father's bullring. Then her stark beauty sparks into a dazzling smile, she starts to laugh and becomes a kid on a spree. Normally, Carmen, the elder daughter of one of Spain's greatest matadors, Antonio Ordóñez, is as poised as an infanta. Descended on both sides from bullfighters, she is an elegant young woman with a simpler *joie de vivre* than her contemporaries in such racy cities as London and New York. She is happy minding her 15-month-old son or supporting her husband Francisco de Rivera, also a matador, when he puts on his suit of lights to go out and fight—not so much for the money as for his honor. He is ranked as one of the five top bullfighters in Spain. Says Carmen loyally: "You can only respect a man who has the courage to go out day after day to fight a savage animal." Demure as she is, Carmen does not trust herself to watch Francisco in the ring. Suppose the crowd got surly and started shouting, pelting him with cushions. Carmen shakes her head sadly: "I have an aggressive temper. I would feel forced to shout back, and you can imagine what effect that would have on the public." Of course, she does not say what she would shout.

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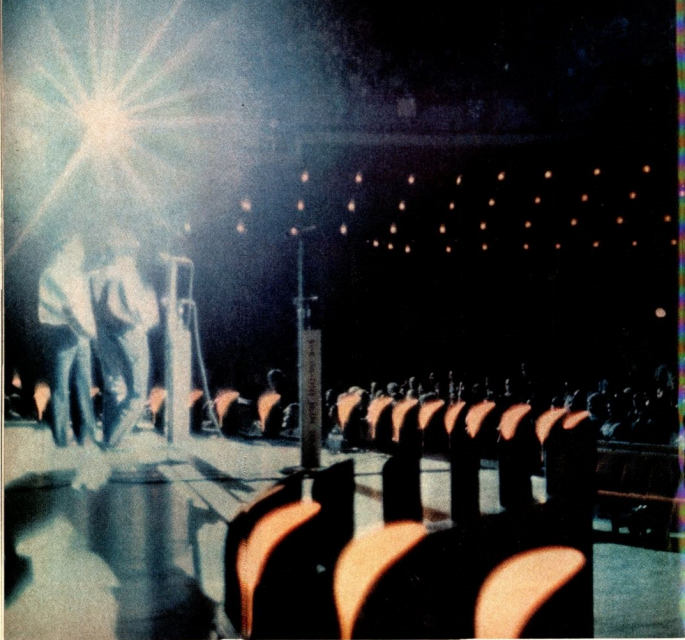
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Postal Nightmare

It has become stunningly expensive to send a magazine or newspaper through the U.S. mails. After a series of rate increases calculated to make each class of mail pay for itself, publications today pay about 100% more for their second-class postage than they did in 1971. By next year, if current Postal Service schedules hold, the increase could mount to 175%.

Now, in a nightmarish great leap forward, Seymour Wenner, the chief administrative law judge for the rate-making Postal Rate Commission, has come up with a decision that would pile an even huger increase on top of all the others. His announced formula, which touched off alarm bells throughout the world of print journalism last week, is to cut first-class rates from a dime to 8½¢ and make up for the lost income in part by raising second-class rates yet another 122%. Added to increases already in effect or planned, Wenner's scheme would boost second-class rates to five times what they were in 1971. Furthermore, there is the likelihood of still another 33% increase 100 days after the Wenner proposal is resolved.

To survive, publications would need not simply loyal but also rich readers. TIME's \$18 annual subscription price, for instance, which even now reflects galloping paper, production and labor costs, could double and possibly triple. Reason: as prices rise, some subscribers would drop off, and prices would then have to rise again to cover editorial costs and other overhead expenses. *Newsweek* would perhaps have to make a similar leap, as would such other weeklies as *Saturday Review*, *The New Yorker*, *New York* magazine and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Even monthlies, such as *Harper's* and *Reader's Digest*, would have to hit their subscribers with drastic price increases. Religious, labor and farm publications would also be severely hurt.

Limited Audience. Reacting last week to the Wenner decision, Emory Cunningham, the Birmingham publisher of *Progressive Farmer* warned that subscriptions would doubtless have to jump from \$7 to \$25. Said he: "The only farmers who will be able to subscribe will be the quite well-off ones."

In all, rates for local mailing of newspapers would shoot up 250%: books and records, 96%; third-class bulk advertising, 35%; and fourth-class parcel post, 67%. The inevitable result, say Wenner's critics: use of the mails would drop, Postal Service revenues would fall, and the entire system would be in a deeper hole than it is now with its \$800 million annual deficit. The individual first-class user might save a few dollars a year. But, claims Coleman Hoyt, distribution manager of the *Reader's Digest*, the sav-

ing would be cancelled by increases for other classes of mail used by the same person. "In the long run," says Hoyt, "the people pay for everything."

The decision, reached after 20 months of hearings, is by no means final. As administrative law judge, Wenner conducts the initial hearings in the Postal Rate Commission's cases. His decision must be approved or modified by the full rate commission, a five-member independent body, then go to the U.S. Postal Service's seven-member board of governors, which has final say.

There were signs last week that the ruling faced bumpy sledding in the Postal Service itself. Postmaster General Benjamin F. Bailar, angrily denouncing

it stands or not, may assure that whatever rates finally emerge will be far higher than anyone had anticipated.

Wenner, 62, a Harvard-trained lawyer and veteran hearing examiner, was recently upgraded to chief administrative law judge of the Postal Rate Commission. He has been steeped in the rituals of rate making since 1971, the year after Congress set up the Postal Service as a replacement for the much criticized old Post Office Department and gave it a mandate to run the mails on a businesslike basis. From the start, though, Wenner, as part of the autonomous Postal Rate Commission's bureaucracy, has been at odds with the Postal Service. He claims it has not done what a court told it to do two years ago, namely to set formulas for determining rates. In his ruling, Wenner sought to fill that void, in effect telling the Postal Service, "If you don't, I will."

Real Costs. As Wenner saw it in his 194-page decision, the current rate structure puts too much of a burden on first-class mail users. Some 2¢ of every 10¢ spent on first-class postage, Wenner calculates, subsidizes other classes. Thus the Postal Service becomes a "tax collection agency, collecting money from first-class mailers to distribute to other favored classes." His solution: cut the current first-class rate and make up for it by presenting the other classes with a bill of \$900 million a year. The magazine and newspaper share of that bill—\$200 million—would amount to only about 2% of the Postal Service's budget and thus would do relatively

little to help it, but the rate increases would devastate publishers. Moreover, many publishers argue that what they pay in postage covers the real costs that they generate. Time Inc. and others, for example, pre-sort and bag magazines by zip code, thus saving the Postal Service millions in handling costs.

Beyond that argument, there is the historical issue posed by Postal Service rate practices. Prohibitive and therefore restrictive rates were never intended by the founding fathers when they set up the postal system. Its mission, they felt, was not to make money but to facilitate the diffusion of information throughout the young republic. That nation-building charter, said George Washington, was to bind "these people to us with a chain that can never be broken." Since then Congress has reaffirmed the principle as a national purpose.

Magazine executives assume that the largest publishing companies, like Time Inc. and McGraw-Hill, would

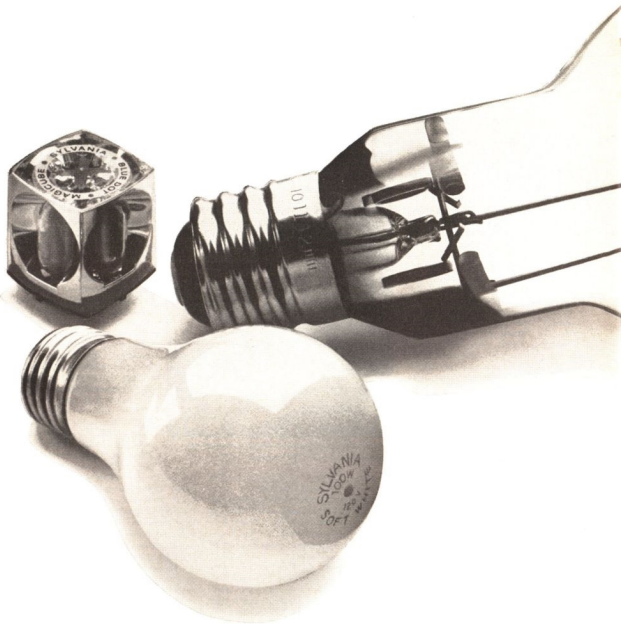


POSTAL RATE COMMISSION JUDGE SEYMOUR WENNER
Readers will have to be loyal and rich.

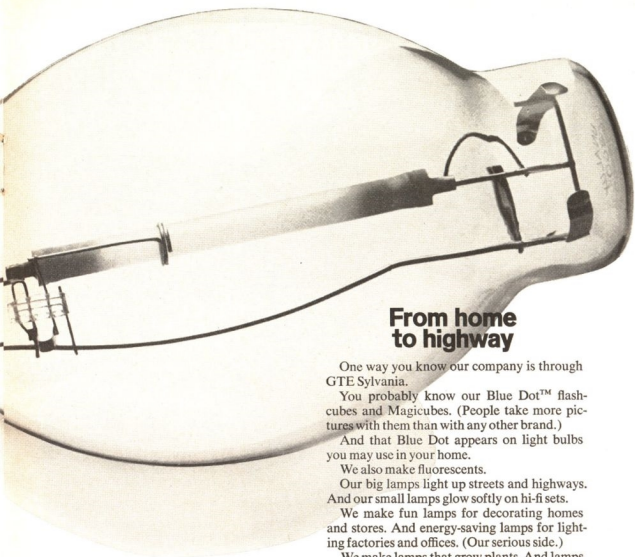
Wenner's decision as "ominous for the Postal Service" and charging that it ignored the long hearings, said that the proposed rate increases would "cost us considerable volume." Other Postal Service officials speculated that the Wenner approach could eventually lead to higher first-class rates.

Even if Wenner's decision is overturned, mail subscription prices may still go up sharply during the next two years. A bill passed and signed into law a year ago would have extended the deadline for already-scheduled postal increases from July 1976 to July 1979. So far, the Administration has not requested and Congress has not approved funding to space out these increases.

In the publishers' view, the most frightening aspect of the Wenner ruling is that it establishes an extreme threat, which even if fended off will make previously contemplated increases that once seemed staggering look almost "moderate." Wenner's decision, wheth-



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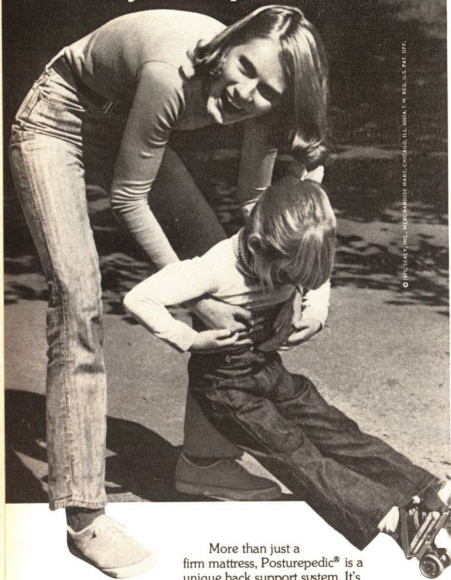
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THE PRESS

probably be able to survive postal increases, even on the scale proposed by Wenner. Their circulation, advertising revenue and earnings would all decline sharply, with some inevitable effects on editorial quality. Smaller publications would die by the hundreds, and the founding of new magazines would become more hazardous than it is today.

Sealing Off Saigon

On April 30, the day Saigon surrendered to the Communist forces, there were more than 100 foreign correspondents in the country, eight of them Americans. The Provisional Revolutionary Government allowed them to roam around Saigon and report freely on the unfolding revolution. But the situation rapidly turned sour as the journalists found it difficult to interview P.R.G. officials and to send cables to their home offices. On May 24, a group of 80 restive correspondents, most of them French or Japanese, left Saigon on a chartered flight, taking with them film and delayed dispatches. Last week the regime made another move against the foreign press corps. Authorities ordered three U.S. reporters—George Esper of A.P. and Paul Vogle and Charles Huntley of United Press International—along with Photographer Dieter Ludwig, a West German freelancer for TIME and CBS, and four Japanese correspondents to leave the country. Now only about 20 correspondents from abroad remain, including the last three Americans—A.P.'s Frances Starner, U.P.I.'s bureau manager, Alan Dawson, and Don Rodill, a freelancer writing for Long Island's *Newsday*.

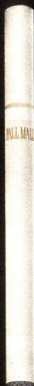
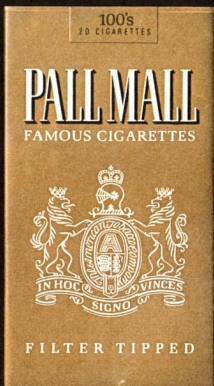
Outworn Welcome. The P.R.G.'s decision to get rid of foreign newsmen appears to reflect a Communist belief that for the moment at least, less news or no news is good news. However, the P.R.G.'s public explanations have been vague. One polite official, Bui Huu Nhan, of the Committee for Foreign Affairs, told ten-year Saigon Veteran George Esper, "You have been here too long under the old regime. We want new people of our choice."

Esper guesses that the P.R.G. wants to avoid comparisons that might be made by old Indochina hands between the old autocracy and the new revolutionary government. In any event, Esper thinks the government wants a minimum of watching as it deals with "problems such as crime, trying to stabilize the city and get people back to work."

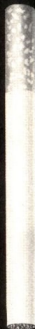
Photographer Ludwig thinks the policy clear-cut: "Basically the P.R.G. doesn't like non-Communist newsmen around—it's just not their style to have people looking over their shoulders. They are prepared to allow a number of Western newsmen for 'image' reasons." Whatever the objective, by week's end the new South Viet Nam—with its blinds closing—looked more and more like a sealed society.

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Malpractice: Rx for a Crisis

Beverly Geltzer of Baldwin, N.Y., was not unduly upset when her son Jordan, 12, broke his arm during a gym class last week. But her coolness turned to anger when she took her son to a nearby hospital. There she learned that neither her own physician nor any other orthopedic surgeon was available to set the arm, and Jordan would have to be treated at Nassau County Medical Center, where he was to wait six uncomfortable hours before his injury could be handled in the busy emergency room. "It's unbelievable," said Mrs. Geltzer. "I feel like I'm in a foreign country."

Young Jordan was not the only patient who had to wait for treatment last week. Joining in a growing wave of protest over the rising cost of malpractice insurance, thousands of physicians in New York's nine most heavily populated counties decided to dramatize their demands by refusing to perform any but emergency services. Their action slowed admissions and operations in many hospitals to a near halt, inconvenienced thousands of patients who needed elective surgery and other nonemergency treatment, and further eroded the esteem in which Americans have traditionally held their physicians.

The New York doctors were not alone in their action. Doctors in Ohio, Florida and Alaska have already staged slowdowns. Physicians in several Texas cities, including Austin, San Antonio and Fort Worth, followed last week with partial strikes of their own. So did doctors in Bucks County, Pa.

High Costs. Their protests are proving expensive. A four-week walkout by California physicians, which ended last week after the state legislature pledged to work toward a permanent solution of the malpractice mess, cost San Francisco Bay Area hospitals an estimated \$2.5 million in lost charges, hit 4,500 full-timed hospital workers for \$12 million in lost pay. The New York action could be even more costly. Some of the hardest-hit hospitals have already begun laying off employees. Dr. John Conorton, president of the Greater New York Hospital Association, said that 25 voluntary hospitals, half of them in New York City, would go bankrupt if the slowdown lasted through this week.

His warning did nothing to settle the doctors' complaints. New York's major malpractice insurer, the Argonaut Insurance Co. of Menlo Park, Calif., which has raised its premiums by a total of 200% in the past year, is leaving the state entirely on July 1. Doctors feel that the state legislature, which has already enacted a bill offering a doctor-owned alternative (TIME, June 9), must do more to protect them against the rising risk

of being wiped out by malpractice suits. To ensure that it does, a number of doctors said last week that they were willing to withhold their services indefinitely. A few, who claimed that they would lose \$15,000 a month by striking, insisted that they were acting in the public interest. Others, acknowledging that people tend to protest mainly when they are being hurt in their wallets, admitted that their motives were more personal. Said one reluctant striker: "We're fighting for survival."

Malpractice complaints, once a relative rarity, have become commonplace.

a fast buck at the expense of physicians. Others lay the responsibility for the rise on ambulance-chasing lawyers, who have been forced out of automobile liability actions by the growing acceptance of no-fault insurance.

Complex Causes. Lawyers, on the other hand, tend to attribute the increase to the physicians' own incompetence. "The reason why there are medical malpractice suits is that there is medical malpractice," says Robert Cartwright, president of the Association of Trial Lawyers of America (A.T.L.A.). Both sides distrust the insurance companies, which claim enormous losses on malpractice insurance but have thus far declined to disclose any firm figures to



"I can't finish him, Igor . . . I couldn't afford malpractice insurance this year!"

As recently as 1960, most physicians could expect to go through a lifetime of practice without seeing a summons. Now, reports a 44-state study, one out of every seven general surgeons is facing a malpractice complaint. The sums involved can be substantial. Most malpractice suits are settled out of court for less than \$2,000, but awards of \$1 million or more have become increasingly common. Last month a Florida court awarded Dentist Leonard Tolley, 58, and his wife Elsa a total of \$1,685,000 after finding that surgery following an automobile accident had actually worsened the paralyzed patient's condition. In California, there had never been a million-dollar judgment until 1967; there have been 13 of them in the past 28 months.

The parties involved hold each other responsible for the crisis. Some doctors blame the increasing incidence of malpractice suits on patients' desire for

back up their demands for ever higher premiums (a typical charge for a high-risk specialist nowadays: \$20,000 a year or more).

In fact, the causes of the crisis are far more complex. For one thing, the public is much better informed than it used to be, and it no longer regards a doctor's views as law. But part of the public's knowledge consists of reports of miracle drugs and surgical spectaculars like heart transplants. People also enjoy the television programs that show Marcus Welby and his colleagues regularly triumphing over death and disease. Since they now expect more from doctors, they are less willing to accept bad results and far more willing to blame them on a physician's failure. "People do not understand that everything is not going to result in a perfect outcome every time," says the A.M.A.'s executive vice president Dr. James Sammons. "We fall-



CHILD AWAITING TREATMENT IN N.Y.C.
A call for compassion.

en into the trap of being incredulous when a perfect result doesn't occur."

The public has less hesitation about taking complaints to court. The past decade has brought a vast increase in lawsuits as minority groups, women and consumers have used the courts to win better schools, job opportunities and protection against fraud. It is only natural that patients who feel wronged by their doctors should also consider suing.

Their action is made easier by the fact that the traditional doctor-patient relationship has deteriorated badly. Patients rarely sue their family physicians, who often make up in compassion and concern for what they lack in technical skills. But few feel reluctant to sue an aloof and unfamiliar specialist who seems to take their respect for granted and often submits a sizable bill as well.

Some suits are unquestionably the result of physician-patient misunderstanding or simple greed; a few stem from honest and perhaps unavoidable errors on the part of physicians. But many malpractice suits are brought when doctors fail, through carelessness, indifference or sheer incompetence, to discharge their responsibilities to their patients. In fact, some patients do suffer untold anguish and expense when physicians make wrong diagnoses, perform needless operations or prescribe the wrong treatments. In a Los Angeles hospital, a nine-year-old girl went into cardiac arrest while recovering unattended from a tonsillectomy. An anesthesiologist summoned by the parents moved the child to another room for treatment rather than attempting to resuscitate her immediately. The delay in treatment left the girl paralyzed and

MEDICINE

mentally retarded. In Florida, a doctor read a woman's X rays backward, ignored her cancerous kidney and removed the healthy one.

Doctors routinely attempt to protect themselves by ordering up extra tests and X rays—a form of "defensive medicine" that some experts believe costs anywhere from \$3 billion to \$7 billion a year. In addition, doctors and hospitals usually pass the costs of malpractice insurance along to their patients in the form of higher charges. Experts predict that recent insurance-rate increases could add \$2 or more to the cost of a visit to a physician, \$4 a day to hospital bills.

Limited Fees. Worse, the rising costs of insurance could make it more difficult to obtain care at any price. The A.M.A.'s Sammons predicts that many older and part-time physicians will be forced into early retirement by high malpractice premiums. Some young physicians may forgo private practice entirely, entering the armed forces or choosing the laboratory rather than the clinic.

To avoid such problems, state legislatures have begun to act. Idaho, Indiana and Maryland have recently enacted laws creating state-supported insurance pools or funds to ensure that physicians will be able to find some sort of coverage. Idaho and Indiana have also limited lawyers' fees and set ceilings on malpractice awards. New York has created a state pool and passed an enabling act permitting doctors to establish their own insurance company as an alternative; its action assures doctors that their premiums for the coming year will be no more than 15% above the rates they paid last year.

The establishment of state insurance systems will undoubtedly help doctors, who might otherwise be unable to obtain insurance at any price, to stay in practice. Some of the other measures that have been adopted will also protect the physician, but not his patient. Setting a ceiling on malpractice awards helps the insurance companies, who will have to pay out less, but penalizes the patient who may require a lifetime of costly care as a result of a physician's error. Severely limiting contingency fees, under which lawyers commonly take one-third of any amount awarded to their clients, will certainly make lawyers less eager to take on malpractice cases. But this move, or the more drastic one of abolishing contingency fees altogether, might deny many poor patients the opportunity to take their claims to court.

There are other steps that would go a long way toward cleaning up the current malpractice mess. Among them:

REDEFINING MALPRACTICE. Doctors in New York have asked the state legislature to write a new legal definition of malpractice. The vagueness of most existing malpractice statutes has allowed juries in some states to find a doctor guilty of malpractice merely because

he has failed to cure a patient. Malpractice laws should cover negligence and incompetence, not medical misfortune.

STATUTES OF LIMITATION. Laws in some states allow patients as much as 20 years to bring suits against doctors for malpractice. Injuries from malpractice are usually discovered within a few years, if they are discovered at all, and the law should reflect this.

ARBITRATION PANELS. Indiana and Tennessee have created panels of doctors and lawyers to screen malpractice claims and weed out nuisance suits. A doctor-lawyer panel in Tucson, Ariz., has reviewed more than 100 cases since its establishment a decade ago. Though its decisions are not binding, most doctors and patients go along, and with good reason. Few of the doctors or patients whom the panel urged to settle have ever won their cases in court. In-hospital ombudsmen can help too. The Halifax Medical Center of Daytona Beach, Fla., has established and funded an in-hospital committee to which the staff is encouraged to report all negligence and accidents. The committee investigates and tries to solve the problem right on the spot. Claims against the hospital—and the hospital's premiums for insurance—are among the lowest in the state.

ELIMINATING MALPRACTICE. Negligence and incompetence cannot be eliminated entirely from any profession. But the incidence of medical malpractice can be reduced radically if doctors will do a better job of policing themselves and their colleagues. Several states, including New York, now give doctors increased authority to punish colleagues found guilty of malpractice. Doctors in most states have thus far shown too little disposition to use such authority. Few physicians have been willing to testify against their colleagues in malpractice cases, let alone move against those who have been found guilty of abuses.

Nor are these the only changes that can be made. Doctors, who all too often think of their patients as medical consumers rather than people, should be less arrogant. They—as well as their patients—should remember that despite recent advances, medicine is still an uncertain science. Physicians can earn the right to practice it only if they learn from their experiences—and mistakes. Physicians must, said Dr. Judah Folkman of Harvard Medical School, in a recent Class Day address, "appreciate the debt we owe our patients for our education. It is a debt which we must repay."

To repay this debt, Folkman urges his fellow physicians to remember that good medicine begins—and ends—with compassion. His advice is appropriate for today's beleaguered medics. Studies have shown that the patient who is treated with compassion is likely to feel that whatever the result, his doctor has done his best. It is the patient who feels himself slighted—in either medical or human terms—who expresses his dissatisfaction by a lawsuit.

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A Red-Hot Momma Returns

Art orthodoxies fade and die. When they do, it becomes apparent how much space was left between their lines—and, occasionally, what interesting talents were excluded from the canon. At that point, artists who had been around all the time are greeted as if they were new arrivals. One of these, at present, is Beverly Pepper, 51, a sculptor who has lived in Italy for the past 24 years and has two shows of her work running in New York: indoor pieces and projects at the downtown André Emmerich Gallery, and "monumental" steel sculpture on the terrace of Hammarösköld Plaza.

In the '60s the normal channels of getting known in New York did not work in Pepper's favor. Apart from being a woman (not an advantage for sculptors), she worked at an angle from the rival modes of both minimalism and open-welded construction. Worse, she was not part of the New York scene, and did not take part in what was conventionally called its "dialogue." "People have criticized me for living abroad," Pepper recalls, "but I think isolation freed me. The idea of being part of a group still depresses me." In any case, her style was wrong. Prepotent is her adjective: a flamboyant, vulnerable mixture of dandy and red-hot momma, ensconced in an Umbrian castle.

Live Rich. Beverly Pepper has never been inconspicuous as a person. "You don't have to be rich, you just have to learn to live rich," she says. She and her husband, Author-Journalist Bill Pepper, observe that rule diligently in their 14th century castle, where they entertain spiritedly. But her present work leaves no room for doubt that after a late and faltering start as a sculptor (she

began in 1960, carving up the trunks of trees that had been felled in her garden), Pepper today is one of the most serious and disciplined American artists of her generation.

Pepper's sculpture, though abstract, is not radically so. The strongest influence on her work has been the late David Smith. Just as Smith's work tended to keep the imprint of the human figure, vertical and gesturing, so the triangular shapes to which Pepper obsessively returns allude to architecture: pyramids and tents. The very shape of a pyramid comes drenched in an imagery of age, endurance, "primitive" solemnity. Being historical animals, we can no more see a pyramid as a perfectly abstract form than we can look at a cross without thinking of crucifixions.

Because of its architectural nature, Pepper's work is best when its scale is that of a small building. Her models and table-sculptures are as a rule no more interesting than ashtrays; there is not enough going on in them to hold the eye. Size is what makes them work, and when they are large, their internal structure of gusset and rib gives them a visual texture that they lack on the small scale. One needs to walk around them and clamber inside their angular crevices. The planes of steel, sliding briskly through space, need real-life perspective before they can impose themselves. Above all, there is a degree of risk implicit in large scale, and Pepper relishes it: the springing cantilever that seems about to topple but does not, the aggressive sharpness of edges (maquette the knife) and thrust of needle points.

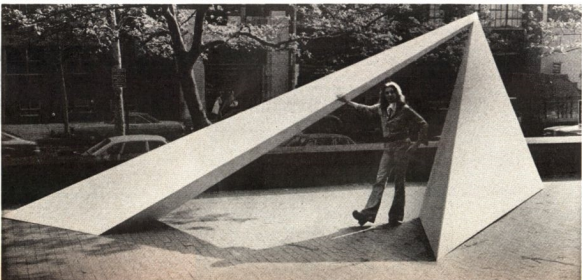
When such conditions are present, the results can be moving. *Alpha* (1975), with its ribbed and sharply folding tent-like shapes of orange steel, is arguably one of the most successful pieces of mon-

umental sculpture produced by an American in the past decade. No photographs can convey the peculiar intricacy of space that it develops from what seems a simple formula of two skewed triangular prisms, one inside the other.

No Threat. Pepper's work also speaks about the ground it sits on. "I am interested in geological shapes," she says, wryly adding that "if you're born in Brooklyn, you have to invent some kind of landscape for yourself." Her latest projects have moved into an area explored by only a few other American sculptors, like Richard Serra: neither earthwork nor freestanding construction, but midway between the two—steel plates embedded into planes and strips of earth. The first of these immense environmental pieces was her 280-ft. *Land Canal and Hillside* built in Dallas in 1971: a string of triangular steel forms down the dividing strip of a highway, rising and falling and tilting, meant to be seen as a changing sculpture from the windows of swiftly passing cars. The largest—not yet built—is a 1½-acre project for Bedminster, N.J.: a low, subtly broken plane cutting across the center of a circular amphitheater.

Despite its size, the patterning of such a project is curiously gentle. It brings to mind the mellow quilts and terraces of the Umbrian landscape that stretches below Pepper's house at Todi. Her interest in environmental art is guided by a touching sense of good urban manners. She believes that "threatening sculpture for public places is unfair, because life is so threatening." But how to make an unthreatening sculpture without going decorative? These land pieces, ground-hugging and subtly angled, but so large as to become part of the landscape of seasonal change and human action around them, offer a promising answer. ■ Robert Hughes

BEVERLY PEPPER STANDING IN MANHATTAN'S HAMMARÖSKÖLD PLAZA WITH HER MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE ASCENSION/DESCENSION



Above and Beyond

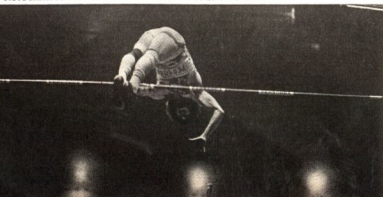
When the International Track Association first pitched its professional tent two years ago, it aimed to lure cash customers with a blend of carnival and first-class track and field competition. Unfortunately, performances have been spotty, purses have been paltry, and the tour's personalities have shown little of the crowd-pulling pizzazz so important to commercial survival. The I.T.A. still has problems, but its struggle to succeed has been made easier by a pair of iconoclastic performers: Shotputter Brian Oldfield and Pole Vaulter Steve Smith. Both world-record holders, they are also flaky, free spirits who have just what it takes to make the tour more successful.

Behemoth Brian, 30, is already looking beyond the track. "Why can't I play football?" asks the 6-ft, 5-in. 270-pounder. "I'm bigger and faster than Larry Csonka." He is not kidding. Cat quick, Oldfield regularly defeats the pro tour's women sprinters in a special 30-yd.

BRIAN OLDFIELD SPRINGING



STEVE SMITH SOARING IN I.T.A. MEET AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN



dash. Last year he turned down a \$10,000 bonus offer to play for the New York Stars in the World Football League, but this summer he may try to talk the Miami Dolphins into giving him a shot at Csonka's vacated slot. He also hallucinates about entering the boxing ring with Muhammad Ali.

It is within the confines of the shotputter's 7-ft. circle that Oldfield really exercises his power. At an I.T.A. meet last month in El Paso, Oldfield whirled and hurled the 16-lb. shot farther than anyone else in history. Spinning around with a discus thrower's $1\frac{1}{2}$ turn, which no other shotputter has mastered, Oldfield fired the steel ball 75 ft., an astonishing $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. past the existing world outdoor mark. Oldfield's effort will not be recognized as a record by amateur governing bodies because of his professional status, but he has more pressing concerns. What he wants most is to blast the shot beyond the 80-ft. barrier.

"I don't throw or put the shot," he says of his new style. "I spring that thing out of there. I use my whole body, my total being." Too often, the force Oldfield generates in his spin whirls him out of the circle, disqualifying him on approximately half of his allotted attempts. "I feel confined in that circle," he says. "I have to learn not to be intimidated by it." Perhaps, but it is Oldfield himself who is the big intimidator on the I.T.A. tour. "On my baddest days," he says, "I'm better than anyone else."

Gliding Down. Vaulter Smith, 23, has had a tougher climb to the top. He joined the pro tour last year to compete head to head with Old Rival Bob Seagren. He has since taken Seagren twelve out of 18 times. And at Madison Square Garden the last week in May, Smith soared 18 ft. 5 in., exceeding by an inch his own world indoor mark.

Smith scorns training traditions and relies instead on self-hypnosis and surfing to stay in shape. "I try to make it fun," he says. Which is why he also carries a skateboard from city to city and delights in being towed behind a car at up to 40 m.p.h. or gliding down the nearest hillside. Back home, he says, he "can make it all the way to the liquor store without getting off." Like his tour mate

Oldfield, Smith harbors fantasies outside his specialty. He has done the 100-yd. dash in 9.7 and occasionally kids star Miller Ben Jipcho about giving him a run for the money.

His goal is to become the first man to vault 19 ft. He will get his opportunity this week in Boston at a meet scheduled for Friday the 13th. That superstition does not faze Smith, who remembers that Vaulter Don Bragg set a record on a previous Friday the 13th. Record or no, Smith and Oldfield will probably increase their tour winnings, which exceed \$13,000 apiece this year. If conditions are right and the spirits are willing, I.T.A.'s new stars may take their glittering acts above and beyond.

Soul Golf

The first tee is filled with foursomes; on the practice green, more players stand poised over putts. The game may be golf, but it bears scant resemblance to the pastime of the country-club set. The scene is Detroit's Palmer Park Municipal Golf Course, and among its players are some of the city's best—and best-known—black golfers. The aim is action, bankrolls are at the ready, and the style is straight soul. Indeed, to play Palmer Park is to take a lesson in lively ethnic semantics.

Golfers "stick it in the ground" rather than tee the ball up. Clubs are "hammers," a shanked shot is a "pitch-out," and breaking par is "ducking the card." The art of psyching your opponent is known as "woofing." And a player with a lethal putter is an "undertaker," because he can "bury" the ball.

Pierce ("Fat Daddy") Cofield, 48, a 340-lb. self-styled retiree, can bury them with the best. He is also a master woof. "This is a golf course where a poor man can come and get wealthy," says one foe, trying to set up Fat Daddy for a fall. "Boy, you keep messing around with me," says Cofield, "and I'll make your pocket bigger than a rat hole."

The action is swift, and the stakes can reach several hundred dollars. Regulars bent on a killing will make apparently fatal concessions. Bus Driver Dave Brown, a Palmer Park legend, used to play hackers while standing on one foot, a trick he could perform and still come close to ducking the card.

Unwitting hackers take their lumps from other Palmer Park fixtures such as "Sugar Jim," "Hookin' Walker," the "Prime Minister" and "Clean" Hunkey Clay. Then there is "Stabbing" Eddie Sims, so named because his swing has no follow-through. Sims takes no divots, the experts say. "He digs foundations." Needing a birdie on the par-three ninth hole one day to salvage a tie, Sims boomed a pitch-out toward Woodward Avenue. The ball hit the fence, rico-

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"FAT DADDY" COFIELD SWINGING
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ched back and fell into the cup for a win. The Rev. Floyd Moore resorts to higher tactics. "You know I love the Lord," he sings at a critical juncture. "He heard my cry." That's enough for Opponent Jim Finley, who complains, "Rev, I can't beat you and Jesus."

Even the few black pros who have made the big-time tour have had their troubles with the regulars at Palmer. After the 1967 Buick Open, Charlie Siford made tracks for the old park. "He came here and lost four days in a row," remembers one regular. "Then he went to Hartford and won the tournament."

Palmer Park became the most popular of Detroit's six city courses after Motown Recording Stars Smokey Robinson and Marvin Gaye took up the game in the mid-'60s. Today's players include a cross-section of teachers, policemen, doctors, auto workers and judges. There is no color barrier, however, and up to 40% of its players are white.

Rolling Bars. Palmer's parking lot looks like a funeral-home driveway with cars waiting to join the procession—El Dorados, Fleetwoods, Continentals, and an occasional Rolls-Royce or Mercedes. The only thing missing is a hearse. Sandwiched between those fat-cat cars are the modest sedans of blue-collar workers and the rattletaps that numbers men drive to lose the Man.

In fact, the parking lot is a surrogate clubhouse, with many of the big cars serving as elaborate rolling bars. On muggy nights, golfers replaying their wins will roll up their windows and relax with cocktails in air-conditioned comfort. The losers can console themselves with the old plaint of Dave Brown on one of his rare losing streaks: "I got a bad case of buzzard luck. Can't kill nothin', and won't nothin' die."

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DETROIT STUDENTS USING CALCULATOR

Integration by Magnets

The idea seems simple enough: create schools with special programs, and they will attract students from all parts of the city. Such "magnet" schools are becoming increasingly popular not only as a means of providing superior education—and not just to the brightest children—but also as a method of desegregation. Detroit started some magnets four years ago; new ones are planned for Chicago and New York. Last week thousands of Boston parents signed their children up for a variety of innovative courses, ranging from aviation technology to bilingual studies, in 22 magnet schools due to open in September.

The Boston magnets—representing the largest use of the idea to date—are designed to hold fully 18,600 of the city's projected 72,000 school pupils. They were called for in Phase II of Federal District Court Judge W. Arthur Garrity's desegregation plan, after his court-ordered forced busing touched off street violence and massive school absenteeism last fall. Now Garrity hopes that the magnet schools will offer good enough programs to induce white students from South Boston, for example, to go by either special bus or public transportation to a school in Roxbury's black ghetto. To that end, some 20 Boston-area colleges and universities are developing special courses for magnet schools.

Unlike Boston's regular schools, which are still predominantly white or black, the magnet schools will have a racial quota, reflecting the city's total enrollment: 52% white, 36% black, 12%

other minorities. Only about 25% of these students will live in the district of the magnet school.

So far, Garrity's plan for magnet schools has eased some opposition to busing, although many teachers doubt that enough time remains to recruit students or adopt special programs. John Doherty, former president of the Boston Teachers Union, supports magnets but fears that "the magnetism won't be sufficient in September to bring kids into the magnet schools. They will [then] be assigned on an involuntary basis, and having a large portion of kids assigned to what are supposed to be magnet schools is a contradiction in terms." Boston still has fierce advocates of purely neighborhood schools. Says Elvira ("Pixie") Paladino, East Boston leader of ROAR (Restore Our Alienated Rights): "You'll never get to the point where kids will get out of their schools for better programs."

On the Near West Side of Chicago, meanwhile, the \$30 million Whitney M. Young Jr. High School will open as a magnet in the fall with—among other things—an Olympic-sized swimming pool, a special center for the performing arts and a separate curriculum for medical studies. Whitney Young also has a strict admissions quota: 40% white, 40% black, 10% Latin, 5% other minorities and 5% at the discretion of the principal. Says Assistant School Superintendent Joseph Hannon: "It's supposed to be a laboratory of the city."

White Havens. Detroit started eight magnet middle schools (for grades 5 through 8) in 1971, and, if anything, they have worked too well. School Board President Cornelius Golightly says, "They were successful and they will continue to be successful because they're havens for whites." Golightly charges that whites have fled other Detroit schools for the magnets, which offer smaller classes, more original courses (math students, for example, work with a computer), and spend more money per pupil. Despite the recognized shortcomings of magnet schools, the Detroit school board recently included a proposal for more of them as part of its recommendations to the federal court that is drawing up the city's desegregation plans for the fall.

In New York, Federal Judge Jack Weinstein last year ordered housing officials to help desegregate Mark Twain Junior High in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn, but then backed off and approved plans for a magnet instead. Mark Twain—with an 83% black and Puerto Rican enrollment—is in the middle of a nonwhite enclave surrounded by a larger white neighborhood; the five other junior high schools in the area are overwhelmingly white.

Under the new plan, Mark Twain's enrollment will be 70% white next fall,

when the school becomes a magnet for "intellectually gifted and talented" students. Mark Twain will offer special programs in almost everything from athletics through fine arts to science, and is having no trouble recruiting students. To date, 625 students have applied for the 568 spots in the school's seventh grade. Next fall most of Mark Twain's dispossessed black students will be assigned to other white schools in the neighborhood.

Kudos: Round 3

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But there were many difficulties. The new corn was vulnerable to diseases. Yields were low. The kernels

were soft. And, simply because it was different, many people wouldn't eat it.

To solve these problems, individual ears of the new corn were laboriously crossbred with hardy, acceptable corns from countries around the world. It took ten years of painstaking work by an international team of scientists, headed by the Rockefeller Foundation's Dr. Ernest Sprague, to produce varieties of corn suited to local climates and preferences—an effort aided by the United Nations, private foundations, and nearly a score of governments.

This remarkable new corn is now being grown in significant quantities in several countries. American farmers planted some 200,000 acres of it last year. Its potential is enormous. According to Dr. Sprague, "Scientists calculate that with just this corn, plus a few supplementary vitamins, an adult could eat adequately for ten cents a day."

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The Electronic Sailor

The great Yankee skipper Joshua Slocum used only the simplest of navigational instruments—a compass, a sextant and his famous “dollar clock”—when he sailed his 37-ft. *Spray* round the world alone from 1895 to 1898. The solitary skipper of a spanking new sloop called the *Oxy* will find his life at sea far easier than Slocum’s when he sails in a singlehanded race across the Atlantic next year. If he wants to relax and leave the helm, all he will have to do is flip a switch on an electronic self-steering device; day or night, an array of dials on an instrument panel will tell if he is getting the best performance out of his boat. Small, hand-held computers will zip through calculations that cost Slocum tedious hours.

Under construction in landlocked Switzerland, of all places, *Oxy* is the

brainchild of a Swiss electronics engineer named Jean-Claude Protta, 32. An avid ocean sailor, Protta took a 15-month, 12,000-mile cruise and came home in 1971 with a headful of ideas about new electronic equipment for navigation. He brought his plans to Oxy Metal Industries International (O.M.I.I.), a division of Occidental Petroleum, which was looking for new applications for metal oxide semiconductors (MOS)—the tiny components that engineers use to cram extremely complex circuits onto silicon chips less than a quarter of an inch square. MOS had already proved their value in the U.S. space program for which they were developed. They also have certain qualities ideal for use at sea. For one thing, they can be easily sealed in plastic, thus avoiding the problems caused by dampness. For another, they use minuscule amounts of power and can operate for long periods on internal batteries.

On Course. Protta, who soon became head of the Swiss firm’s new subsidiary, Oxy Nautica, wants the 56-ft. *Oxy* to demonstrate his gadgetry. Other firms make and market equally sophisticated devices, but few offer equal versatility and most require far more power. The *Oxy* has integrated all its equipment so that a surprising complexity of information appears on a control panel that would not be out of place in the cockpit of a 747. Almost everything the skipper needs to know—from the depth of the water under his keel to the wind speed and direction at the masthead—will be available at a glance.

Another of the firm’s innovations will add speed and accuracy to a deep-water sailor’s celestial navigation. Taking sextant sights on sun, moon or stars from the pitching deck of a small craft is difficult under the best of circumstances. Most skippers turn to a crew

member to note the precise time of their measurements, and such teamwork allows ample room for error. With no one to note the time for his sights, *Oxy*’s skipper will rely on a specially designed quartz chronometer built into the handle of his sextant.

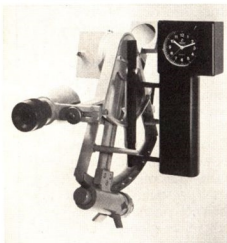
Quadruple Speed. When he shoots the sun, for example, he will only have to press a button to stop the chronometer’s second hand. After he has recorded the time, another button will restart the second hand and a memory circuit will keep the clock running at quadruple speed until it has caught up to where it would have been if it had not been stopped. After that the clock will resume clicking off the seconds at a normal pace. Once he has taken his sights, *Oxy*’s skipper will not have to pore through tables and a nautical almanac to find his position. A miniature electronic calculator will figure everything out. When *Oxy*’s skipper wants to catch some needed sleep, he will rely on an automatic pilot in which a masthead wind vane or a special electronic compass will team up with an MOS microcomputer to keep the boat on course. The system draws so little current that it will operate up to two weeks on four small flashlight batteries.

The whole navigational setup costs \$2,500—a feasible price, perhaps, for yachts in the \$20,000 price range. Few yachtsmen are likely to want or need the entire array, but few who go to sea can fail to find some valued help in MOS circuitry. Other manufacturers are constantly improving its skills. Texas Instruments Inc., for instance, is already using MOS chips to further reduce both the size and price of increasingly sophisticated pocket calculators. Hewlett-Packard has gone furthest of all by producing a pocket calculator that can be programmed to handle specific calculations of as many as 100 steps, from highly technical medical measurements to celestial mechanics for the yachtsman and an analysis of the Wall Street stocks that may or may not be paying his expenses.

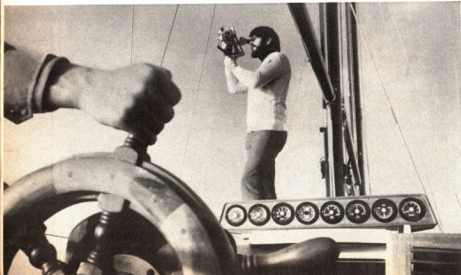
Restless Mountain

When citizens of Bellingham, Wash., first saw great clouds of smoke rising at least two miles above Mount Baker, 30 miles east of the city, some thought that there must be a forest fire. But that was in March, and the smoking has not stopped since. One of a dozen major volcanoes in the western U.S., the 10,778-ft. Mount Baker is now venting several thousand pounds of sulfurous gases and debris every hour. Right below the mountain’s summit, the 1,600-ft.-wide crater is so thick with fumes that geologists can enter only

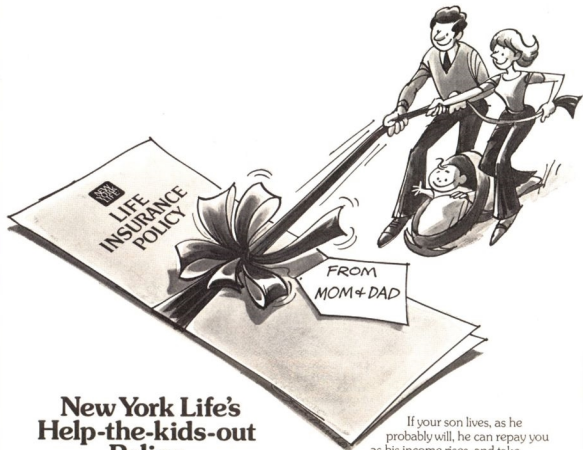
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SCIENCE

with gas masks. Does this spectacular activity foreshadow the first major eruption in the lower U.S. in a half-century? U.S. Geological Survey scientists refuse to speculate. "Some volcanoes erupt with hardly any warning," explains Geologist Mark F. Meier. "Others puff for a while, then fade back to obscurity."

Closed to Hikers. In either case, scientists are not taking any chance with Mount Baker. They are regularly monitoring the volcano's activities from planes and helicopters and by remote instruments at the crater. The devices automatically signal any local tremors or changes in the character of the outpouring gases, both possible signs of immi-

nent flows of lava from deep within the earth. Meanwhile, to protect the curious who have already descended on the area, the U.S. Forest Service has closed off the crater area to hikers and campers.

Although Mount Baker has not erupted in more than 100 years, USGS geologists say that it is not the only U.S. volcano that presents a threat. After studying the extensive volcanic deposits around Mount St. Helens in southwestern Washington, they warned that it could erupt again before the end of the century. Even if no such outburst occurs at Mount Baker, say the scientists, the mountain's heat could melt enough snow and ice on its slopes to cause dangerous mud slides and floods.

MILESTONES

Died. Paulo Picasso, 54, only legitimate child of Pablo Picasso; of blood poisoning; in a Paris hospital. Joint heir with Picasso's widow, Jacqueline, to the artist's priceless collection of paintings. "Paulo" was unsuccessful in denying the claims of his father's three illegitimate children to a share in the estate. Young Picasso lived wanly in the massive shadow of his father, helping out occasionally as handyman and chauffeur. His own son, Pablito, died in agony three months after drinking bleaching fluid because he was barred from his grandfather's villa when the artist died.

Died. Oswald G. Nelson, 68, the "Ozzie" of *Ozzie and Harriet*; eight months after surgery for liver cancer; in Hollywood. Crew-cut, relentlessly wholesome Ozzie Nelson was the archetypal all-American boy. Born in Jersey City, he became the nation's youngest-ever Eagle Scout at 13, starred as a quarterback at Rutgers and worked his way through law school by moonlighting as a bandleader. In 1935 he married his comely singer-emcee Harriet Hilliard; in their radio adventures, which began in 1944, he was the cheerful, slightly bemused pipe-and-slippers family man, she the sweetly understanding helpmate steering him through suburbia's little traumas. Sons David and Ricky joined the show in 1949, further boosting its popularity and helping to start the Nelsons' marathon 1952-66 run on TV.

Died. Eisaku Sato, 74, Premier of Japan from 1964 to 1972; of complications following a stroke; in Tokyo. Son of a sake brewer and brother of Nobusuke Kishi, Japan's Prime Minister from 1957 to 1960, Sato was a master of the Japanese art of consensus, which he used to rule the country's dominant but faction-ridden Liberal-Democratic Party and manage a policy of government-assisted industrial growth that transformed Japan into an economic superpower. The greatest coup of his steadfastly pro-U.S. foreign policy came

in 1969 when the Nixon Administration made an agreement to return Okinawa to Japanese sovereignty, but his political position was soon badly shaken by a surprise *shokku*: President Nixon's rapprochement with China in 1971. A year later, Sato retired near the end of his fourth term in a mood of disappointment that was only partially lifted in 1974, when he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his determined antimilitarism.

Died. James Laver, 76, British sartorial scholar whose encyclopedic knowledge of historic costume and contemporary fashion earned him books and articles a wide following; in a fire in his London apartment. Laver's witty analyses of the relationship of style to social trends sometimes led to some imaginative conclusions. "The disappearance of corsets," he once wrote, "is always accompanied by two related phenomena—promiscuity and an inflated currency. No corsets, bad money and general moral laxity."

Died. Alvin H. Hansen, 87, economist who pioneered the acceptance of Keynesian theory in the U.S.; in Alexandria, Va. South Dakota-born Hansen was the earliest important American advocate of the then-radical argument set forth by British Economist John Maynard Keynes in his 1936 work, *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*: that government should take an active role in manipulating the economy through tax and spending policy to maintain high employment, even at the cost of mounting debt and added inflation. As a Roosevelt brain-truster during the New Deal, and as a consultant to various Washington agencies in the 1940s, he was instrumental in turning Keynes' ideas into national policy. At Harvard, where he held the prestigious Littauer chair in political economy from 1937 to 1956, Hansen taught many of today's top economists, among them Paul W. McCracken and Paul A. Samuelson.

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RONEE BLAKLEY & HENRY GIBSON GIVING A CONCERT IN NASHVILLE

CINEMA

From the Heartland

NASHVILLE

Directed by ROBERT ALTMAN

Screenplay by JOAN TEWKESBURY

Nashville is the genuine article: a splendidly gifted film, vibrant and immediate, with moments of true greatness. Moments. If all goes well, the movie will survive the wild enthusiasm that has already been generated on its behalf.

The movie is a honky-tonk panorama of contemporary America and most of its obvious contradictions: a flagrant, nearly frenzied, workaday energy and a kind of moral deadness; a proud regard for history and heritage and an abiding need to construct a synthetic mythology; a sweeping national certitude and the hyperciss that comes with it. Altman is fearless in his thematic ambitions for *Nashville*, and it is a good measure of his success that the movie is always fleet and supple, never top-heavy. The director and his talented collaborator Joan Tewkesbury (who also did the screenplay for Altman's excellent *Thieves Like Us*) find their major metaphor right at the heart of the country music scene and the people who create all those tunes about broken hearts and long lonesome roads. One suspects that what attracted Altman and Tewkesbury to C. & W. was both its audience ("These are the people who elect the President," a political advance man comments early in the film, with just a trace of disdain) and its tradition. Country-and-western basically dresses up folk music in rhinestones and spangles, making hay out of Americana. A lot of it is slick and sweet, and its sanctimony can curdle the blood. Altman used the music like a continuing, slap-happy dirge.

The movie satirizes country-and-western people—audience and performers alike—but without condescension and with a palpable affection for their fine, flaky spirit. *Nashville* stars two dozen actors, many of whom contributed their own songs, a touch that lends the film musical cohesion (and saves on expensive music rights). By themselves, most of the tunes—and most of the people who perform them—would not pass muster at the Grand Ole Opry. But the actors are skillful enough and their tunes either sprightly or funny enough to work around this point.

Defiant Apology. The one tune that occurs most frequently throughout the film and that indeed helps unify it is Keith Carradine's *It Don't Worry Me* with its chorus, "You may say that I ain't free/ But it don't worry me." Altman uses it as a lively anthem of indifference, a sing-along for deadheads. He weaves the song through the whole film and brings it full front at the climax, where a crowd sings it as a sort of chipper, even defiant apology after a singer has been shot down by a madman. "This isn't Dallas," shouts a performer from the stage. "It's Nashville." Of course, it is both. Altman means it to be even more. In this movie it is all of America.

Altman may have reached a little too far in this; but right now, in a time of congenial but often unambitious entertainments, it is good to have film makers who take that kind of risk. The intertwining narrative threads all have to do with music: people who make it or want to, people who listen to it and are moved by it, people whose lives are both distorted and enriched by it. There is no firm plot, only a lot of related incidents that enlarge and amplify each other. Relationships end and begin again, change deeply and remain the

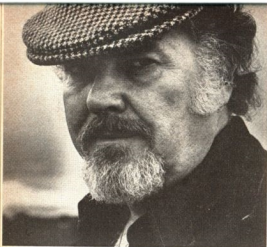


LILY TOMLIN DOING GOSPEL NUMBER

same. Whether it is a love affair, a business relationship or a fleeting allegiance, all the film's separate episodes seem to share a common theme of hollowiness.

This can most clearly be seen in another recurring motif: the unlikely presidential campaign of Hal Phillip Walker. His platform expresses the shiniest, most insubstantial dreams of the country, and it capitalizes on the same sort of cozy, synthetic populism as country music. Walker wants to abolish oil subsidies and the electoral college, and even run all lawyers out of Government, "especially Congress." His appeal, like the music, is mostly emotional and a little treacherous. On a TV interview, Howard K. Smith informs us that Walker is "something of a mystery man" and first attracted college students to his cause with McKuenesque inquiries like "Does Christmas smell like oranges to you?" In Altman's tilted but pertinent fantasy, it makes perfect sense for Smith to add as an afterthought that indeed for him Christmas always has.

Real Assassins. Altman is at considerable pains not to take himself as seriously as perhaps he should. To this end, he installs a kind of international groupie, a BBC correspondent named Opal (energetically played by Geraldine Chaplin), at the very center of the action, and he has her mouth a great gush of pieties and platitudes about the U.S.: "It's America!" she says, beholding a collision on a highway; gun owners are "the real assassins," presumably because their influence can focus the madness of others toward homicide; a yard filled with auto wrecks is symbolic of the violent rape and waste of the whole country. Still, Altman is advancing these images seriously while Opal is commenting on them, and it is this kind of coyness—the eagerness both to use the



ALTMAN AT HOME IN MALIBU, CALIF.
Keeping the spirits high.

rather parched symbolism and mock it too—that is the movie's most serious flaw.

The cast is large and almost uniformly excellent. One notices and most particularly appreciates Ronlee Blakley and Karen Black as two of country music's leading attractions; Henry Gibson, wily and hilarious as Nashville's unofficial mayor, a purveyor of syrupy patriotism and fawning good will; Barbara Harris, splendid as a whacked-out kewpie who wants to be a big star; Dave Peel as Gibson's rather cowed son, looking like a crestfallen Arthur Godfrey; Michael Murphy as Walker's advance man; and David Hayward as the timid assassin.

Of all the reasons for which *Nashville* will be remembered, not the least significant is the movie debut of Lily Tomlin, extraordinary in the role of an upper-middle-class suburban wife who sings with a black gospel group. Anyone who knows Tomlin's particularly shrewd and quirky kind of comedy from television will not be surprised that her same skills come through here: intelligence, a dead-on perception of people that can be funny or rueful (or both at once), a uniquely intriguing mixture of sensuality and chagrin. There is hardly a false moment in her performance, never a trace of calculation or caricature. She is a major actress.

■ Jay Cocks

Robert Altman has a healthy respect both for good movies and a good time. Indeed, for him, the two often go together. "Making movies is like playing baseball—the fun is the playing," he says in a benevolently ursine growl. To keep the juices flowing and spirits running high, Altman enjoys and enforces a continuous party atmosphere; he likes to keep cast and crew together both on-set and off hours. "At the end of the day, I drink a lot, smoke a lot of dope, and loosen up," Altman, 50, explained to TIME's Jean Vallety. Katherine Reed, Altman's third wife (they have been married for 16 years), corroborates Altman's account. "My husband's favorite

things are smoking dope and having good parties."

The camaraderie around an Altman film influences, sometimes even shapes the final result. "I think of *California Split* as 'my Altman experience,'" George Segal says. "He makes you believe you can do anything." On *Nashville*, Altman put the entire cast and crew up at the same motel, expected performers to stick around all through the shooting and paid his stars a modest \$1,000 for each of the ten weeks of shooting. During working periods, he would treat them with the sort of care and give them the kind of controlled freedom that make actors swear lifelong loyalty to a director. Ronlee Blakley wrote her own onstage mad scene; Barbara Baxley provided a moving drunken meditation on the Kennedy brothers.

"Working with Bob is like building him a train," says Writer Joan Tewkesbury. "You've got to enter through the engine and leave through the caboose. How you get through the cars in between doesn't really matter." Altman is both current headmaster and leading pupil in what might be called the grab-it-and-go-with-it school of film making, where accidents and incidental inspirations are encouraged, then capitalized on. The results of this sort of freewheeling are frequently felicitous (as in *Nashville* or last year's *Thieves Like Us*), sometimes unfocused and disconcerting. Elliott Kastner, producer of *The Long Goodbye*, one of Altman's muzziest and (as the director himself concedes) least satisfying films, characterizes his former collaborator with epithets like "narcissistic," "totally contemptuous," "perverse."

Eternal Gambler. Altman responds with similar heat and even physical threat to a variety of foes. "We almost came to blows," reports Allen Garfield, who is excellent as Blakley's manager-spouse in *Nashville*. "Later, he told me he backed off because he was unsure how strong I was. I told him I backed off because I was afraid of him." Born in Kansas City, Mo., Altman still has a Midwestern twang and an occasional fondness for the sort of frontier brawling he portrayed in *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*. He is apt to mouth off to strangers in bars, but longtime Altman stalwart Michael Murphy reports: "I've never seen Bob throw a punch."

Murphy has seen his friend brush with poverty more than a few times since Altman's days as a director of TV series such as *Combat* and watched him risk his last few borrowed dollars on a 6-to-1 shot at Hollywood Park. An ebullient, eternal gambler, Altman has the veteran's sense of having his money on a winner this time around. He has his next four movies—including a version of E.L. Doctorow's novel *Ragtime*—lined up like dominoes. He predicts with *Nashville*, "I'm gonna make all the money in the world." Then he adds, never forgetting that first things come first: "Boy, this is fun."

THE THEATER

Fossephorescence

CHICAGO

Directed and Choreographed by

BOB FOSSE

Music by JOHN KANDER

Lyrics by FRED EBB

Broadway is in a phenomenal bull market, racking up the largest box office take in its history. The rich variety of the season pans out with two gold-nugget dance musicals, *A Chorus Line* and *Chicago*.

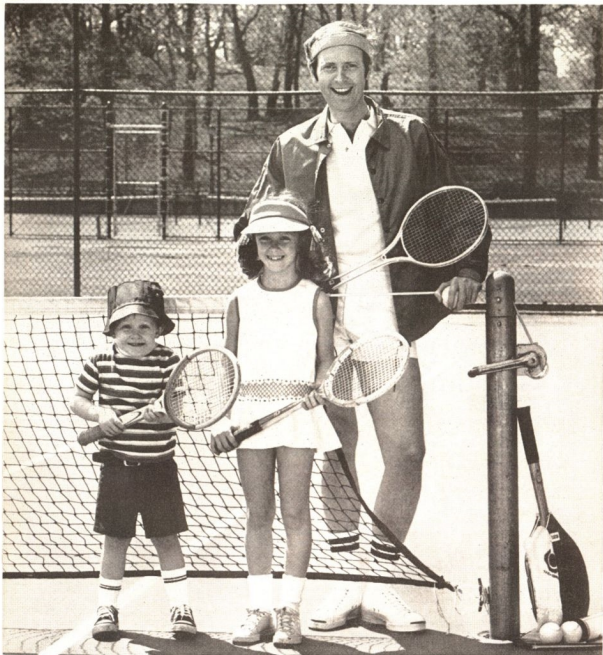
Future chroniclers of the New York theater will point to this period as the age of the choreographer-director sun gods. The Apollonian names will be Jerome Robbins, Gower Champion, Michael Bennett and Bob Fosse. Fosse makes total demands in the realm of precision. Apart from that, he is the most pagantly sexual of choreographers, and Shubert Alley is his mother earth—the source of his awesomely abiding strength.

The book is as full of holes as some of the bullet-sieved characters. Roxie Hart (Gwen Verdon), a honky-tonk '20s entertainer, murders her lover and beats the rap, thanks to a slick mouthpiece, Billy Flynn (Jerry Orbach). This scariest matters. What matters is the erotic poetry in motion that uncoils whenever Verdon and her sister in crime Velma Kelly (Chita Rivera) do their solos and duets. They pace the show with spunk incarnate. The chorus is jazzily bacchanalian, and Patricia Zipprodt's eye-riveting costumes swirl right out of a decadent Brechtian Berlin. *Chicago* is a cinch to take a bite out of the Big Apple.

■ T.E. Kolem

RIVERA & VERDON IN CHICAGO





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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MOTHER CHURCH SURROUNDED BY ITS MODERNISTIC NEW CENTER

RELIGION

Scientists' Centennial

It is, as one Christian Science official has said, "a launching pad for a major outreach by the church." This ecclesiastical Canaveral is the dramatically modernized world headquarters of the Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston. The old Mother Church, built in 1894, is now framed by manicured lawns, a 700-ft. reflecting pool and a complex of glass and concrete office buildings designed by I.M. Pei & Partners and completed this month at a cost of \$75 million. Last week 13,000 devoted Scientists from 25 countries gathered at their church to attend its annual meeting and to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the publication of its major text, Mary Baker Eddy's *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*.

Slipping Membership. By all accounts, sales of Mrs. Eddy's book, now translated into 14 languages and still in demand, are considerably healthier than the movement it guides. The church is as secretive as ever about membership figures (one outside estimate put the roster at 400,000 in the mid-'60s), but officials concede that the total has been slipping. Despite a spurt of growth in Latin America, Africa and Asia, the number of branch churches and societies has fallen by about 5% over the past decade, to some 3,000 today. The roll of Christian Science "practitioners"—healers authorized to help members overcome illness by prayer—has dropped considerably.

Incoming Board Chairman Otto Bertschi, 68, reported last week that administrative expenses are being slashed by 20%. Last April, the church's respected but stodgy daily newspaper, the *Christian Science Monitor* (circ. 191,000) cut back to a more economical tabloid

size. It also reduced its staff and raised subscription and advertising rates in an effort to shrink its \$7 million annual deficit.

Such statistics suggest that Christian Science has reached not only its centennial but perhaps also a perilous actuarial milestone. The religion started out with a small group of cultists who accepted Mrs. Eddy's belief that evil—including physical illness—can be overcome through prayer and an understanding of God. Christian Science experienced its greatest membership surge during the Depression, when thousands looked to it for spiritual help. Now that crowd is dying off—a phrase that no good Christian Scientist would ever use, of course. As Chairman Bertschi puts it, today more of the faithful "are going off than are coming on the rolls." Notes one younger member: "It is largely a gray-haired group."

For a while, church leaders fought a defensive battle against decline aimed at keeping existing Scientists in the fold. But in recent years Christian Science has stepped up a campaign to pull in the young, new members it needs.

New Territory. Staking out new demographic territory, Scientists now conduct some services in Spanish. Reading rooms have been opened in predominantly black communities, as well as in airports and shopping malls. Christian Science literature is distributed at antidrug conferences and treatment centers. Today, says Director DeWitt John, a former *Monitor* editor, the church is placing special emphasis upon Christian Science's virtues in healing "not just physical disease but all kinds of wretched troubles." One of the troubles that will be overcome, Mrs. Eddy's successors might pray, will be Christian Science's recent membership slide.

Prison for Patrick?

The law is fast catching up with Ted Patrick, the black San Diego-based religious bounty hunter who helps parents recapture and "deprogram" young people who have joined offbeat sects. In May, Patrick was convicted in Fullerton, Calif., for unlawfully imprisoning a 19-year-old Hare Krishna adherent. Last week he received his sentence: a 60-day jail term, which he will appeal. The California case could cause Patrick more trouble in Colorado; he was convicted on a charge of false imprisonment in Denver last year, but placed on probation and ordered not to practice his specialty on adult cultists without their consent.

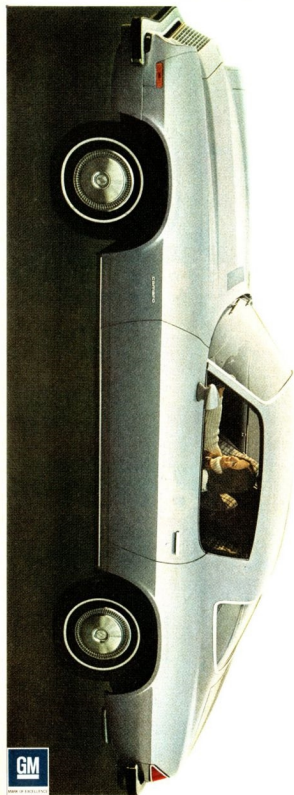
After four years and a claimed 1,000 deprogrammings, Patrick's operation has become a sizable enterprise, with a network of 300 trained operatives. Although Patrick says that his take from the business is only about \$10,000 a year, his services are not cheap. In the early days, he requested that his parent-clients cover only his costs. But now the bill for a Patrick deprogramming job can run as high as \$25,000, including expenses and a fee.

Wrist Slap for Wendt

After eleven women were ordained as the first female priests in the Episcopal church in a much disputed irregular service last summer, the church's House of Bishops declared the ordinations invalid. To the Rev. William Wendt, the ardently progressive rector of the Church of St. Stephen and the Incarnation in Washington, D.C., the bishops' ruling was an inescapable challenge. He permitted one of the women, Alison Cheek, to celebrate the Eucharist in his parish. Soon, 18 priests in the diocese brought charges of disobedience against Wendt, setting the stage for a rare ecclesiastical trial (TIME, May 12).

Last week a five-member panel of priests and laymen voted 3 to 2 to find Wendt guilty. The three priests in the majority (the two dissenters were the laymen) urged Washington Bishop William Creighton to "admonish" Wendt and forbid him to permit "any person whose ordination is not in conformity with the canons of the church"—like one of the women priests, for instance—to function as a minister in his parish. At a press conference, Wendt called his sentence "a real slap on the wrist" and said that he would appeal the conviction or seek a new trial. He also cited the two lay judges' forceful dissent supporting the validity of Cheek's priesthood: "A great moment in church history is before us, and the majority of this court is allowing it to pass by." Even so, the controversy over whether the church should admit female priests is certain to continue into late 1976, when the church hopes to settle the issue at its triennial General Convention.

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PRATT INSTITUTE'S CINDY MESERVE, FIRST WOMAN TO PLAY N.C.A.A. BASKETBALL

THE SEXES

HEW's Sex Rules

When the Department of Health, Education and Welfare released its first set of proposed rules to end sex discrimination in education, it drew criticism from all sides. Last week, after a year of tinkering with the original document in an effort to placate critics, HEW laid down a new set of rules. But its summer rerun is in the same old trouble. Some feminists say that HEW has been too timid. Some colleges and the National Collegiate Athletic Association say the department has come on too strong. The N.C.A.A. thinks the provision for equal opportunity for women in college sports "may well signal the end of intercollegiate athletic programs as we have known them."

Vague Phrases. The new rules, required by Title 9 of the Education Amendments of 1972, were approved by President Ford and apply to institutions receiving federal funds. Though patched by compromise and pocked with loopholes and vague phrases, they essentially demand equal treatment for males and females in gym classes, faculty hiring, vocational training, financial aid, athletics and many other activities.

Compulsory segregation by sex is banned in nearly all classes and extra-curricular activities. (Among the exceptions: Boy and Girl Scout programs, sex-education classes and phys-ed. classes featuring contact sports.) Pregnant girls cannot be excluded from class because of their condition. Sexual discrimination is barred in scholarship aid and admissions at the 2,700 or so federally aided colleges and universities. Despite feminist pressure, HEW refused to bar textbooks that might contain "sex stereotypes," fearing court battles on First Amendment grounds.

In sports, the regulations demand equality of opportunity for females but

stop short of requiring a school or college to set up a girls' team to match every boys' team. The language is vigorous, but vague. In noncontact sports such as tennis and baseball, schools are required to let girls try out for the boys' team if there is not enough interest in an all-girl team. In football, basketball and other contact sports, colleges and schools need not let girls try out for men's teams, but somehow must provide equal opportunity to play. Presumably this means women's teams if the demand is there, though HEW's rules do not flatly say so. Nor must schools spend as much per capita on girls' athletic programs as they do on boys'. If they did, Ohio State, for one, might have to sharply increase its spending on women's sports by slicing off a sizable chunk of the more than \$3 million that it devotes to its big and lucrative men's program.

Nonetheless, the rules force schools and colleges to make some increase in spending on women's sports. HEW regional directors will require "necessary" funding for girls' teams and will be looking for rough equality in travel and uniform allowances, training facilities and coaching. The rule on athletic scholarships is even vaguer: there must be "reasonable opportunities" for women to receive as much aid as men based on the level of participation in school sports.

Schools will have one year to comply with the athletic provisions, and colleges will have three years—a delay irritating to some feminists. ("That would be six years after the 1972 law was passed," complains Holly Knox, director of NOW's Project on Equal Education Rights.) For its part, the N.C.A.A. fears drastically reduced spending on its male programs. It plans a major lobbying effort with Congress, which has until July 21 to accept or reject the new rules.

Though feminists seem to consider the athletic provisions a qualified disas-

ter, the biggest blow was HEW Secretary Caspar Weinberger's announcement that the department will stop investigating all individual complaints of sex discrimination as a matter of routine. His reason: HEW cannot cope with "the mailbag" approach to enforcement. He has a point. But feminists will be lobbying hard with Congress to get a modification. Since most people cannot afford to go to court, Knox maintains, the end of the open-season complaint system would mean "no remedy whatsoever in most cases."

Male and Female

► A St. Paul, Minn., judge ruled last week that a divorcee who thought she had paid off a \$625 bill for electrical work by sleeping with the contractor still owed him \$377, plus interest and court costs, because the sex was "performed for the enjoyment of both parties." Besides, Judge Ronald Hachey suggested unchivalrously, the woman's favors may not have been worth all that much. "Unfortunately," he said, "there was no testimony to help the court with respect to the going rate charged by those engaged in one of the oldest professions known to mankind." Hachey went on to note that by appearing in court in overalls and a man's shirt, the divorcee "made little or no effort to convince the court of the value of her personal services." Her clothing, he complained, "covered her to such an extent that her assets, if any, were substantially hidden."

► Leonard Matlovich, the Air Force technical sergeant who has begun a legal challenge to the military's prohibition of homosexual servicemen (TIME, June 9), now has some company. Last week the Army started proceedings to give less-than-honorable discharges to two lesbian WACs. Pfc Barbara Randolph, 22, of Indiana, and Private Debbie Watson, 20, of Texas, voluntarily admitted their sexual preferences to an interrogator as the result of a whispering campaign about their activities at Fort Devens, Mass. Both women intend to fight the dismissals, said Private Watson, "as far up as we can go."

LESBIAN WACS WATSON & RANDOLPH



RAW MATERIALS

Smoothing Out the Wild Swings

In a world that is short of raw materials, the most incendiary global confrontation of the future may not be East v. West but South v. North. That is, the raw-materials-producing nations clustered in the world's southern hemisphere will try to align and squeeze higher prices out of the relatively rich industrial nations of the northern hemisphere. Already the two sides are squabbling over what to do about the wild swings in prices of such basic materials as copper, rubber and cocoa.

During the global boom from 1972 through early 1974, prices doubled and

tripled for these and other commodities, fanning inflation in the U.S., Europe and Japan. Now prices have collapsed, largely because recession has cut world demand (see chart). The declines have helped slow the increase in living costs in most industrialized nations but have also reduced the export earnings of some developing countries. Many of their leaders are echoing the cry of Venezuela's President Carlos Andrés Pérez for a "new economic order" based on higher materials prices, and they are insisting that the subject be discussed, along with oil, at any international energy conference.

Painful Dilemma. These demands present the industrial nations with a painful dilemma. If they agree to price-stabilizing pacts that would reverse the decline, living costs are certain to rise further in the developed countries. If they do not and no world energy agreement is reached, then the oil cartel states, which are already contemplating another price rise, might retaliate in support of the commodity producers with a larger increase that could choke off recovery from world recession. There is also a danger that the commodity price slump and the industrial world's growing reluctance to pour money into countries where nationalization is a threat will reduce investment in raw materials production enough to leave supplies

short when demand rises again, perhaps triggering a price explosion even worse than in the last boom.

The U.S. has lately laid out a middle course between these hazardous alternatives: it seeks to mollify the commodity producers without entering into any sweeping, inflationary price-guarantee agreements. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has said that the U.S. will consider international commodity agreements "on a case-by-case basis" and has promised American support for a review of the International Monetary Fund's procedures for granting loans to raw-materials-producing nations when their export earnings plunge. The IMF may announce a relaxation of those rules at a meeting in Paris this week.

Nearly all industrial nations, meanwhile, have pledged to re-examine the entire raw materials issue at a series of international meetings this year, including a special U.N. session in September. British Prime Minister Harold Wilson advocates agreements to stabilize the prices of no fewer than eleven commodities, presumably figuring that such pacts would add less to Britain's import bills over the long run than further uncontrolled price swings.

No Accord. In sum, a consensus seems to be forming that something should be done to get the world off the price roller coaster. This does not mean,

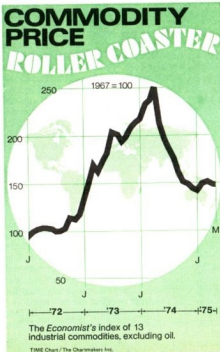
however, that anything will actually be done. So far, Kissinger has offered little more than a willingness to talk, and some deeply divisive issues must be overcome before any stabilization agreements can be reached. For one thing, the U.S., which produces 85% of its own raw materials, still believes that the free market balances supply and demand well enough so that stabilization pacts should only smooth out the wilder swings; but many developing countries favor scrapping the market mechanism altogether in favor of arbitrary price and production targets.

Above all, there is no accord on the gut issue of how high or how low prices should be stabilized under any new agreements. Many developing nations, for example, want to "index" raw materials prices to the trend of world prices for all kinds of goods as a method of transferring wealth from rich countries to poor lands. The U.S. and most

TIN MINERS AT WORK IN BOLIVIA



SACKING SUGAR AT MILL IN TAIWAN



other industrial nations fear that indexing would touch off a permanent runaway inflation that would hurt the whole world. For that matter, there is not even agreement within the Administration on how conciliatory U.S. policy should be. Kissinger has had little support from economic planners at the Treasury for his overtures to the producing nations.

Suspensions and resentments between industrialized and developing countries vastly complicate the economic problems; even some of the basic facts are in dispute. The New York Times recently reported that experts from both industrial and less-developed countries—from Algeria to New Zealand—have advised Secretary General Gamani Corea of the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development that there is no statistical proof that raw materials prices have failed to keep pace with the prices of manufactured goods over the past 25 years. The implication—unpalatable to the U.N.'s Third World majority—is that the industrial nations have not been ripping off the poor countries to the extent often charged. U.N. statisticians disavow the conclusion reached by the ten-member study group, which was headed by Harvard Professor Hendrik Houthakker, a former member of President Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers.

Assuming that some stabilization agreements can be reached, there remains the task of making them effective. In the past, such agreements—which usually rely on some international body to dictate export quotas designed to keep prices within a set range—have rarely succeeded. Even cartels have not worked for anyone but the oil producers. Copper prices, for example, have fallen 86¢ per pound in the past year to 54¢, despite substantial production cutbacks by four large producers—Chile, Peru, Zambia and Zaire. To benefit from a sudden jump in coffee prices, Brazil and other growers ignored an international coffee pact more than a year ago; now that prices are down they want a new agreement.

Price Gyration. Each commodity presents different problems to would-be price stabilizers. Some, like iron ore, are vulnerable to new sources of supply, and others, like copper, to the ready availability of cheaper substitutes like aluminum. Beyond that, the dizzying price gyrations of the past three years have been caused not only by supply-and-demand imbalances but also by the abandonment of fixed exchange rates for the world's currencies. Distrusting the value of paper money, especially the dollar and the pound, investors and speculators have poured as much as \$100 billion into commodities and commodity futures since 1973, according to one U.N. estimate. Initially, their buying pushed prices up. Lately, speculators have been dumping their holdings, aggravating the commodity price decline. Monetary reform or even strengthening

the dollar and pound lies far beyond the scope of any commodity price agreements.

One idea attracting increasing attention is to build up internationally financed and managed stockpiles of key commodities. In theory, buying for stockpiles would help keep producers' earnings up when prices are low, while selling warehoused materials during times of shortage would help keep prices from going through the roof. Already, UNCTAD is talking up an ambitious scheme to stockpile \$10.7 billion worth of 18 food and industrial commodities.

Plans like UNCTAD's would mark a step away from the free market. They would require a network of agreements on the prices at which stockpile managers could buy and sell and the quantities of raw materials that nations could produce for the warehouse when no other buyers are in sight. All these agreements would restrict the movement of prices and production. Though UNCTAD's plans may be too grandiose to be realized soon, the stockpiling approach seems preferable to either rigid, arbitrary fixing of prices and production levels or the wild price swings that at different stages of the commodity cycle hurt consumers and producers alike.

OUTLOOK

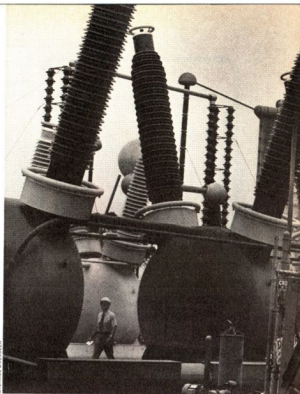
Moving Up, but Slowly

Traditionally, the period of transition from recession to recovery is a time of economic confusion. Last week a large batch of statistics, resembling so many fingers pointing in opposite directions, clearly mirrored that unsettled condition. Generally the figures fit the picture of an economy finally poised to climb out of its deepest slump in almost four decades, but they also point to a relatively slow recovery.

The grimmest news was that the unemployment rate climbed from 8.9% in April to 9.2% in May, yet another new high since 1941. That meant 8.5 million Americans were out of work, a jump of 360,000 from April. Administration officials acknowledged that unemployment could continue to swell in June and July. One reason: millions of students are about to flood the market in search of summer work (see story page 76).

Still, the worst of the wave of layoffs that began in August is probably over. Indeed, the actual number of workers employed in April rose by 320,000 over the month before, but that was not enough to offset the rise in the national unemployment rate, caused by the flow of new job seekers entering the market.

The news was equally glum on busi-



CIRCUIT BREAKERS READY FOR TESTING
Fingers pointing in opposite directions.

ness and consumer spending. The Conference Board, a research group, reported that big manufacturers in the first quarter reduced appropriations for capital spending 9.4% below the fourth quarter of 1974, which was down 26% from the previous three months. That marked the steepest six-month slide in 17 years. For all this year, the Commerce Department announced, businessmen expect to spend \$114 billion for new plant and equipment, a puny 1.6% more than in 1974. Such spending rose 13% in both 1973 and 1974.

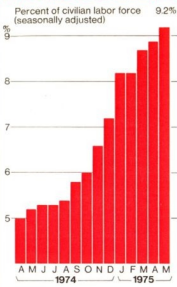
Consumers, too, continued wary. In April they trimmed their installment debt by \$100 million, largely by holding off on new auto loans. The April decline, the fifth in the past six months, was much less than a \$462 million drop in March, but it contrasted with a \$1.5 billion jump in April 1974.

Dwindling Stockpiles. Yet for all the bearish signs, there were clear indications of economic revival. Manufacturers reduced their inventories in April a huge \$1.1 billion, the sharpest monthly drop since the bottom of an earlier recession in May 1958. The liquidation foreshadows increased production to replace dwindling stockpiles, and there may not be much longer to wait. New factory orders in April leaped 6.4% over the month before, the biggest jump in 20 years. Among the leaders: heavy electrical equipment used in power generation and transmission, fabricated metals and paper goods.

Inflation also continued to moderate, a development that could prompt more consumer spending. Wholesale

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

UNEMPLOYMENT



prices in May rose .4%—high by historic standards but modest compared with the 1.5% increase in April and a far cry from the rates of last year. In the past three months, wholesale prices have climbed at an annual rate of 5.5%, compared with the peak rate of 35.3% in the three months ended last August. Businessmen's borrowing costs are also coming down. Manhattan's First National City Bank, which usually sets the pace for other major institutions, lowered its prime loan rate a quarter point, to 6¼%, v. 12% last July.

Even so, most critics of Administration policy, especially Democrats, want the Government to take a more vigorous approach to recovery, notably a more expansive monetary policy. Last week the Federal Reserve Board revealed that so far this year it has expanded the money supply at an average annual rate of 4.4%. This is still well below the 5% to 7.5% rate that Fed Chairman Arthur Burns has set as the target for the twelve months ending next March.

THE RECESSION

Jobless Summer

When students return to class next fall and pen the traditional compositions entitled "How I Spent My Summer Vacation," an unusually large number will have to write: unemployed. Some 2.7 million youths aged 14 to 21 are temporarily flooding the labor force looking for summer jobs. Instead of seeking only to put cash in their own pockets between school terms, many will be trying to balance the budgets of families

whose older members are out of work. But so few summer jobs are being offered that the teen-age unemployment rate is likely to rise well beyond its already high 21.8%.

In New York City, for example, private businesses will offer 10,000 to 12,000 summer jobs to disadvantaged youths this year, v. 25,000 in 1974, through the National Alliance of Businessmen, which sponsors the program. Even that estimate may be overly optimistic: to date, the N.A.B. can count pledges of only 7,000 jobs in the city. Nationally, the N.A.B. expects 200,000 job offers, a drop of more than 25,000 from last summer.

Everywhere, competition for the few summer jobs is bitter and no longer involves only youths. Six Flags Over Georgia, a huge amusement park outside Atlanta, has received four applications for every one of its 2,000 summer jobs paying \$1.80 an hour. When Personnel Manager Jerry Oliver asks youngsters why they want to work, many tell him, "My dad lost his job, and I have to help pay the bills." In addition to high school and college applicants, Oliver notes, "we get older people, 35 and up. They have been laid off by General Motors and Ford or by other companies."

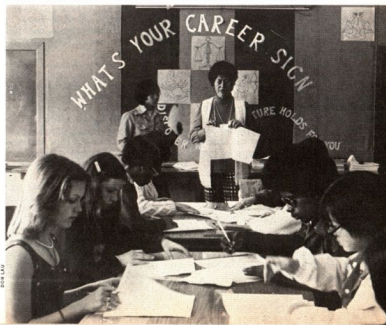
Rivalry from older people and middle-class youths scrambling for summer jobs is elbowing other needy youngsters into a painfully crowded corner. The official unemployment rate for black teenagers already is 39.9%; according to Economist Bernard Anderson of the Wharton School, if statisticians counted the youths who have become too discouraged to look for work, the rate would be at least 65%. Their chief hope for even temporary employment lies in programs financed by taxpayers' money, which provide employment in hospitals, police departments, parks and other recreational areas.

But most of these programs have long since been swamped by applicants.

In San Francisco, 12,000 youths have applied for 4,400 part-time jobs paying \$2.10 an hour; the program is open to youngsters from families that are on welfare or earn incomes below the poverty line, now set at \$5,050 a year for a nonfarm family of four. In St. Louis, 30,000 to 40,000 youths are expected to sign up for about 4,900 public service jobs, and Chicago will have at most 42,000 positions to offer to three times as many applicants. That assumes that some federal funds will be forthcoming to supplement the city's own cash. If they are not, Chicago will have to slash the number of summer jobs available by more than half and pay for them with money borrowed from year-round employment programs. In effect, jobs for youths would be provided at the expense of jobs for their parents.

Acute Need. At the moment, no federal money to pay for these summer jobs has been voted. President Ford recently requested \$412.7 million from Congress to create about 760,000 summer jobs. Congress voted \$456.3 million for 840,000 jobs—but lumped that sum into a \$5.3 billion bill that also provided far more money than the White House had requested for such other programs as public works and unemployment compensation. Ford vetoed the bill, and last week the House failed by five votes to override. This week, though, Congress will probably pass a scaled-down version of the bill that contains the earlier summer jobs appropriation, and the President presumably will sign it. The need is acute. Some social workers fear that youths forced onto the street by a lack of summer jobs will vent their frustration through crime and other kinds of antisocial behavior.

YOUTHS TAKING INTEREST TEST BEFORE APPLYING FOR EMPLOYMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO



37 MPG



Pontiac's Astre S Notchback Coupe

with the standard 3-speed manual transmission and the available 140-cu.-in. 2-bbl. engine is rated at 37 mpg in the EPA highway test and 23 mpg in the EPA city test! And as if that isn't enough to get excited about, wait'll you see the price!

*\$2891 is the manufacturer's suggested retail price for this little beauty, including dealer vehicle

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preparation charges. Destination charges, state and local taxes, available options and accessories are additional.

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PORTENT OF THE FUTURE? PRICE LIST ON WALL OF CHAIN PHARMACY IN READING, PA.

DRUGS

Toward Open Pricing

When a doctor writes a prescription, his patient often takes it to the nearest drugstore and learns only when the pills are handed to him what they will cost. Last week the Federal Trade Commission proposed new rules that would permit pharmacies to advertise prices for prescription drugs so that patients can shop for the best bargains. By doing so, the FTC estimates, consumers could save \$130 million a year.

Such advertising is now banned by law in 33 states, and by agreement among druggists' associations in most areas of the 17 others. Pharmacists argue unconvincingly that these restrictions are necessary to uphold the dignity of their profession against cut-price sellers. They also fear that open price slashing by the 10,600 chain-drug outlets would drive some of the 40,000 independent pharmacies out of business.

To FTC Chairman Lewis Engman, though, "it is a curious set of values that says that the consumer may be given full information about discretionary purchases such as deodorants and mouthwash but cannot be given information that will help him save money on ... drugs that a doctor has prescribed as essential to his good health." The FTC's proposed rules would override all state laws forbidding drug-price ads and make it a crime punishable by a \$10,000 fine for any person or association to hinder disclosure of drug prices.

Worth the Price? To put these rules into effect will take at least a year. But if the agency eventually does prompt more price ads, buyers may get a shock. One study found that pharmacies in the San Francisco area charged 28 different prices, ranging from \$2.50 to \$11.75, for 100 tablets of Raudixin, a drug that reduces high blood pressure. Druggists contend that the stores charging the higher prices pro-

vide extra services like free delivery and charge accounts. FTC officials retort persuasively that customers should know the charges in advance so that they can decide for themselves whether the service is worth the price.

An eventual FTC ruling on drug-price ads may presage a probe into the agreements by medical and bar associations that set fees charged by doctors and lawyers. Engman, who has vigorously pushed antitrust actions in his two years at the FTC, has talked before about "conspiracies of silence" concerning prices in other professions. Last week he said that the fact that druggists' antiadvertising agreements resemble understandings among other groups does not excuse the pharmacists but "may be a reason to take a hard look at doctors and lawyers."

UTILITIES

A Dim Bulb Brightens

The tongue of Harvard Business School Professor Andrew Brimmer was firmly in cheek last week as he greeted leaders of the nation's power companies gathered in Denver for the annual meeting of the Edison Electric Institute. "So nice to see you," said he, "now that you are feeling better." The salutation drew grim laughter. Utilities are indeed in better financial shape than they were a year or so ago, but their situation is still not exactly healthy.

In 1973 and 1974 a doubling of fuel costs and a slowdown in power demand caused by energy conservation and recession hit the industry with a jolting one-two punch. Demand for electric power, which normally increases 7% annually, showed no growth at all last year. Fuel costs for many utilities rose faster than state regulatory agencies would let the power companies boost their rates. New issues of stock in utility companies became almost im-

possible to sell after New York's Consolidated Edison omitted its 45¢-per-share dividend for the second quarter of 1974. To raise the capital that it constantly needs to maintain and expand power grids, the industry had to borrow at interest rates as high as 12% on bond issues and bank loans.

Now the financial bind has loosened. Despite howls from customers, regulators are permitting bigger rate increases more rapidly. During this year's first quarter, investor-owned utilities won approval for hikes totaling \$1 billion a year, almost half as much as they got during all of 1974. Interest rates have come down to about 9.5% on good-quality bond issues by utilities and even less on their bank loans. Power demand is rising again, though it is only 2% ahead of last year's rate. A group of 75 utilities that recorded an aggregate profit increase of only 3% during 1974 enjoyed an earnings rise of almost 18% in the first quarter of this year.

Bare Glimmer. But the long-term outlook is far from bright. Bond interest rates are still high by any historic standards, and utilities will be saddled for years with the cost of payments on loans secured at 1974's lofty rates. Profits have improved partly because utilities have cut borrowing and construction costs by pulling back expansion plans. As of early this year, cancellations or postponements had trimmed the prospective generating capacity of nuclear power plants on utilities' drawing boards by about 65%, and the projected capacity of non-nuclear plants by around 40%. The cutbacks could leave the industry short of capacity and lead to brownouts or even blackouts once power demand rises strongly again.

Despite the improvement in utility finances, executives at the Denver meeting could not cite a single canceled project that has been reinstated. And even if all the projects were rescheduled, they would represent the barest glimmer of the nation's power needs. Over the next 15 years, according to some estimates, utilities ought to invest a staggering \$750 billion in new plants. No one seems to have much idea how they can raise the money. W. Donham Crawford, president of the Edison Electric Institute, notes that most utility stocks are still selling for less than book value, a situation that scarcely tempts investors.

Some Government help may be forthcoming. President Ford is considering proposals from his Labor-Management Committee that would, among other things, grant utilities a higher investment tax credit than the 10% that they and other industries now get, permit utilities to reduce tax bills by taking accelerated depreciation write-offs on pollution-control equipment, and help them to win still more rate increases by figuring construction costs more quickly into their rate base.

Ghosts and Portents

THE MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR

by DORIS LESSING

213 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

Futurologists tend to be either projectors or mystics. The projectors take the present, put it on the old slide rule, and compute ahead into tomorrow, worrying whether technology's last achievement will be to foresee technology's demise. On the other hand, the mystics think of the future not as the next extension on the graph but rather as an alternative universe, as different from this one as heaven or hell.

British Novelist Doris Lessing is a mystic. Once, in *The Golden Notebook*, her frontier was women's liberation. In *Briefing for a Descent into Hell*, and now in *The Memoirs of a Survivor*, she has so abstracted herself from the present and the actual as to deserve another name than novelist. Call her latest book a ghost story of the future.

Her anonymous narrator, a woman living alone in an unidentified city, finds herself existing in a kind of end-time—an apocalypse disguised by understatement. Other tenants are quietly abandoning her apartment building, joining the migrant tribes that suddenly appear, briefly camp, and just as suddenly move on "to the East," leaving no trace but the marks of bonfires on the pavement. Machines no longer work. The electricity is off. Water sells by the bucket and good air is beyond price. Only the bureaucracy goes on, still fussing about regulations as if nothing has happened. Bureaucrats, the government and the press are contemptuously referred to as "the talkers" by the general population. People slowly understand that the way the world is officially described has nothing to do with the way it really is. Meanwhile, packs of seven-, eight- and nine-year-old abandoned children have run wild. They ruthlessly hunt food together and live where underground railways used to run, pathetic proofs that homemaking is reverting to something more like "cavekeeping"—that civilization is returning to original rubble.

At this time of cosmic crack-up, a twelve-year-old girl named Emily is inexplicably thrust upon the narrator, as if the child represented one last responsibility in the old-fashioned sense of the word. Under the extreme pressures put upon her, the girl swiftly and somewhat surrealistically goes through many of the

phases and feelings of a woman's life in a relatively short period. The narrative, so far as there is one, describes Emily's odd, intense relationships with her new guardian, with her lover Gerald (a natural leader who founds a commune), and Hugo her pet, a curious animal with the body of a dog and the face of a cat that seems to suggest the general mutation of the world, including the human race.

Mrs. Lessing's final, heartbreaking effect is to place her characters and her readers between the dead ghosts of the past and the unborn ghosts of the future. She goes so far as to invent a set of rooms into which, as in a recurrent dream, her narrator magically steps to observe a child (herself as a child, or an Emily from another time, or both) liv-

by PETER LESSING



DORIS LESSING

Turning intuition into myth.

ing out some fairly loveless incidents from a past that may be real or subconscious. But no past of any sort can look as bleak as Mrs. Lessing's present. Only the future can outdo that.

The Memoirs of a Survivor is an extraordinary and compelling meditation about the enduring need for loyalty, love and responsibility in an unprecedented time that places unbearable demands upon people. It is also a panicked intuition turned into a tentative myth. To ask it to have a conclusion, or even an ending, is to ask too much. The future is less a theme than an obsession for

Mrs. Lessing. With all the force and all the limitations of one possessed, she has written a visionary's history of the future—that nightmare from which she is trying to awaken.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Really the Blues

CORREGIDORA

by GAYL JONES

185 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

It seems unpromising material for a novel, and the author's plot is apparently more suited to pulp melodrama than to serious fiction. Her book begins with a young black woman improbably named Ursa Corregidora and plunges her down in a seedy Kentucky dive in the 1940s where she works as a blues singer. Enter Ursa's jealous husband, Mutt Thomas, who hurls the heroine down a staircase, injuring her so badly that her womb has to be removed. Twenty years pass. Ursa's second marriage fails. Her career takes her no higher than another dive across town. But love is a torch song. In the end the blues singer goes back to bad old Mutt.

Such a story hovers between horrific realism and howling symbolism (the loss of a womb equaling not merely the loss of fruitfulness but the whole power to love). Indeed *Corregidora* could be dismissed as musings on the sordidness of some of life's more desperate characters if the novel did not manage to illuminate the wider question of the way all men need women. Mutt is the masculine principle in its surly, street-brother aspect. For him pride seems uppermost—the pain is mainly hers.

For Ursa the question of biological imperatives perpetuates her family's history. On her great-grandmother's lap at the age of five, the child began to hear about the slave family's special bondage to a corrupt 19th century Portuguese coffee grower called Corregidora. He took first Ursa's great-grandmother and then Ursa's grandmother—his own child—out of his Brazilian plantation fields and turned both women into enthralled concubines and whores. With considerable dignity First Novelist Gayl Jones explores black female sexuality and the remnants of slave brutality that still fester in black male-female relations. No black American novel since Richard Wright's *Native Son* (1940) has so skillfully traced psychic wounds to a sexual source.

■ Ivan Webster

Show and Tell

Entertainers elicit an extraordinary range of responses from their audiences—admiration, love, even secular idolatry. They ought to be praised and analyzed for the gifts that cause such reactions. But these days it is not enough

BOOKS

for performers to be gifted or versatile. As a new wave of show-biz biographies gloomily illustrates, stars must now be pumped up into symbols of their profession or indictments of their society. It was in just this spirit of distorted inflation that Albert Goldman last year took Lenny Bruce from slephey to counterculture shaman in 13 uneasy chapters.

Among the personalities lately subjected to runaway inflation, none is more pathetic than Judy Garland. Along the parabola that describes her career, Garland made 37 films. Only a handful are memorable and only one, *The Wizard of Oz*, is a classic. But she gave more than 100 concerts and broadcasts that brought millions of listeners in on her wail length. Eventually her performances also exhibited—as at a sideshow—a manic-depressive grotesque who shrilled off-key and forgot once familiar lyrics. In the last years she attracted throngs of gay and melancholy Garland freaks whose adulation was a form of cruelty. Echoes of the cruelty and the applause that masked it can still be detected in three predatory biographies:

Young Judy, by David Dahl and Barry Kehoe (Mason/Charter; \$9.95), explores Grand Rapids, Minn., and Lancaster, Calif., for fragments of the true Judy. The authors emerge with gossip about Frances Gumm, whose vaudeville father was a homosexual and whose mother sought vicarious recognition in her child star. For Dahl and Kehoe *The Wizard of Oz* is *cinéma à clef*; the Dorothy who sang *Over the Rainbow* was the actress herself. "Frances never stopped trying to get home," they burble in a style that Rona Barrett might envy. *Young Judy* covers only the childhood of Garland's 47-year-long life and is only about one-fourth as egregious as Anne Edwards' *Judy Garland* (Simon & Schuster; \$9.95). Author Edwards, an English film scenarist, belongs to the Ptolemaic school of cinema biography. In this genre, all global events are subordinated to the subject: "Frances Ethel Gumm, the future Judy Garland, was born on June 10, 1922, about the same time as Benito Mussolini marched on Rome and took up the reins of dicta-

torship. Not even Ethel in her greatest moments of fantasy could have imagined that her third baby would some day come to represent to a nation fighting the Fascism of Hitler and Mussolini the ideal American girl."

Far more professional—and garish—is Gerold Frank's oversized *Judy* (Harper & Row; \$12.50). Ex-Ghostwriter Frank is a sob brother with impeccable credentials (*I'll Cry Tomorrow*; *Beloved Infidel*). He merchandises anecdotes with the craft of an attorney summing up for the jury. But does the author stand for defense or prosecution? Frank's descriptions of Garland on Garland are acute and empathetic: "She saw herself so impersonally she could say of her photograph, 'I don't like her hair



that way,' or of herself on the screen, 'She could have done that better.'" Judy's choice of a name for her first born, "Liza Minnelli. It will look good on a marquee," has a certain premonitory appeal. But every amusing aside is counterweighted with repellents—tantrums fueled by Dexamy, catastrophic marriages, endless breakdowns and cancellations. Near the end, Frank reports, one of Garland's children begged her to make a promised stage appearance, if only for a group of wistful paralytics. Judy's reply: "If they can wheel them in, they can wheel them out." Such anecdotes diminish both biographer and biographee and make the reader wonder why this sorrowful woman was worth 700 pages of heavy industry. Is the neon gossip meant to illuminate the wars, Judy and all? Or is it the mandatory downer for some future wide-screen version of Garland starring, say, Liza Minnelli?

Apparently, the greater a star's candle power, the dimmer the biographer need be. As proof, see Donald Zec's *Sophia* (McKay; \$8.95). By now, Sophia



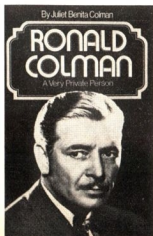
Loren's ascent from the rubble of Naples to the gold of Carlo Ponti should be as familiar as the tale of the princess and the frog. But to Zec, a British journalist, each incident, each phrase, is worthy of a marble bas-relief: "Sometimes I felt I wasn't having the baby for Carlo; I was having it for the world," smiled Sophia." After such reportage, an audience cannot be blamed for doubting even so gifted a performer when she avers that despite her wealth, she works mainly for the "luffafart."

Humphrey Bogart (Little, Brown; \$12.50) is Nathaniel Benchley's "attempt to bring life to what is rapidly becoming a legend. The literal-minded," warns the author, "will complain that the quotes in this book cannot be accurate, and this is probably true." The problem is not one of accuracy but of familiarity. Benchley's frail chronicle offers the standard stories of Hollywood's old rebel, who pursued independence the way Sam Spade sought the Maltese falcon. Defining the difference between himself and most everybody else, Bogart used to claim that the world was about two drinks behind. Benchley, with his arch collage of pictures and incidents, is a lot farther back than that.

Charles Higham's *Kate* (Norton; \$7.95) displays a similar flaccidity. "Hepburn stood back nobly," begins the chronicle, "not asking to see the book in manuscript or proof... not even calling me to see how I was progressing." Hepburn's celebrated diffidence was never more wisely employed. Higham's hushed approach, his claim that "she is the greatest actress of our time... because her honesty demands she must suffer nakedly in front of our eyes" is in essence, not biography.

Juliet Colman may be forgiven for adoring her father in *Ronald Colman* (Morrow; \$7.95). Still, the early intelligence that the actor was "a man's man but women's idol" gives warning that the book is a family correspondence that has embarrassingly escaped into general circulation. The Briton's jaunty charm and his finely constricted delivery are far better commemorated in *Lost Horizon*, *A Double Life*, and other ancients that so persistently prove the durability of celluloid over pulp.

John Cottrell's *Laurence Olivier* (Prentice-Hall; \$10.95) is by far the most literate of the new biographies, though



it has a tendency to tiptoe all about its subject. Some negative observations are offered about Lord Olivier's vulgarities and his tendency to rant. But the book is mainly an enlarged poster of theatrical quotes: "Range and virtuosity"—James Agee; "Unforgettable"—Kenneth Tynan; "The most lovable person in the theater"—Dame Sibyl Thorndyke; "Simplicity and humility"—Kirk Douglas.

Yet one quote—from Olivier himself—gives the whole show away. As he concluded a performance of *Othello*, the world's greatest actor swept past his applauding co-stars and into his dressing room. "What's the matter, Larry? It was great!" said an actor. Olivier growled back loudly: "I know it was great, damn it, but I don't know how I did it. So how can I be sure I can do it again?"

Therein lies the flaw in virtually all biographies of entertainers. Performance is a mysterious process, often beyond the comprehension of performer—and critic. That mystery is worth dissection; everything else is a banal fever chart of catcalls and triumphs.

Gossip was once the province of the fan magazine or the newspaper column. With the diminution of these outlets, the stories have found their way between cloth covers. No matter how thick those covers, they cannot disguise the poverty and pretension of the contents. It may be true, as Edwin Booth observed, that most actors' work is writ on water. Alas, it is truer to say that most actors' lives are rot on paper.

■ Stefan Kanfer

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Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—The Moneychangers, Hailey (1 last week)
- 2—Centennial, Michener (2)
- 3—Shardik, Adams (3)
- 4—The Promise of Joy, Drury (4)
- 5—The Massacre at Fall Creek, West (6)
- 6—The Dreadful Lemon Sky, MacDonald (5)
- 7—Spindrift, Whitney (8)
- 8—A Month of Sundays, Updike (7)
- 9—Black Sunday, Harris (9)
- 10—The Seven-Per-Cent Solution, Meyer (10)

NONFICTION

- 1—Total Fitness, Morehouse & Gross (1)
- 2—The Ascent of Man, Bronowski (2)
- 3—The Bermuda Triangle, Berlitz (3)
- 4—Breach of Faith, White (6)
- 5—Here at The New Yorker, Gull (5)
- 6—Halter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders, Bugliosi with Gentry (4)
- 7—Conversations with Kennedy, Bradlee (7)
- 8—The Bankers, Moyer (9)
- 9—How the Good Guys Finally Won, Breslin
- 10—You Can Get There from Here, MacLaine (8)

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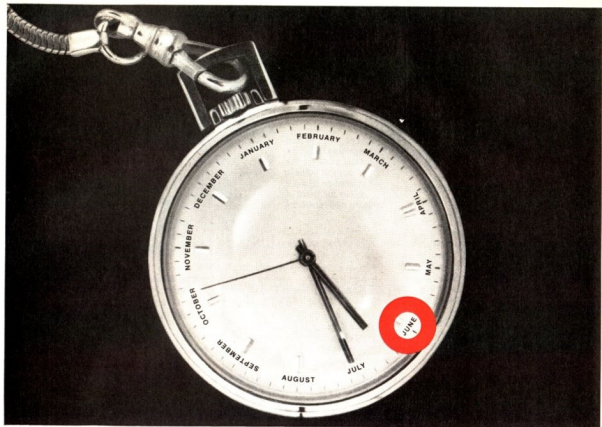
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Half Past June

Nearly six months have passed in what we hoped would be America's Year of Energy Action.

It's time to take stock.

The over-dependence on foreign petroleum is still very much with us, as President Ford pointed out. Nearly 40% of the oil America uses has to be imported.

To reduce this dependence will require us to find and produce more U.S. oil and gas. Conservation, although important, has limitations. If we cut available energy too much, it could endanger the economy. And threaten jobs.

Hopefully, the government will now accord proper

attention to the upbeat side of the equation: increasing U.S. energy supply. The President is on the right track in proposing to open new U.S. offshore areas to oil and gas exploration. In encouraging capital formation to pay for greater energy development. In pointing out that sufficient energy is essential to fuller employment.

We recognize that in a democratic society, there are bound to be conflicting views on any problem so fundamental. We strongly favor free and open debate on the issues, being free and open debaters ourselves. But we also have an eye on the clock, and there comes a time when action is called for. That time is now.

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MUSIC & DANCE

Angel of Country Pop

She has been described as an "angelic cowgirl." At times the phrase fits. Dressed in fringed shirt, jeans and high boots, working over a Merle Haggard favorite like *Bottle Let Me Down*, she can produce a brassy twang. But Emmylou Harris' emotional singing style owes more to melancholy Appalachian bluegrass than to western swing. Despite its range, her voice is most telling because of its feathery delicacy, an almost tentative dying fall capable of stirring deep emotions. "I would rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham," this evocative voice promises in her best song so far. "I would hold my life in his saving grace." As the melody begins to rise, she floats a light true soprano above the whining steel guitar: "I would walk all the way from Boulder to Birmingham if I thought I could see, I could see your face."

Harris, 28, has been singing professionally on the country-folk circuit for about ten years, most of the time for little more than \$10 a night. But hers was the kind of music most likely to be drowned out by the loud sound and often witless lyrics of the past decade. Lately the public has grown more easy with loneliness and love gone wrong as celebrated in country music. Now, with the release of her LP *Pieces of the Sky* (Reprise), Emmylou Harris seems about to swim into the rich mainstream of popular music. As Emmylou sums it up: "After all the auditions in plush New York offices for men wearing sunglasses, all of a sudden the music I have always done is becoming accepted."

Emmylou is the daughter of a ca-

reer Marine family. She grew up in Virginia, worked hard at school and was considered a "real prig." Says she: "High schools are real hip now, but there was no counterculture in Woodbridge, Va. in 1963. You were either a homecoming queen or a real weirdo. I was a 16-year-old Wasp wanting to quit school and become Woody Guthrie." She entered the University of North Carolina in 1965 on a dramatic scholarship. "It was a time when the golden girls got married to med students," she recalls. More fearful of regimentation than impelled by ambition, she began singing in local bars. She drifted out of college and eventually on to New York's Greenwich Village and Nashville. She was married, had a child, got divorced and returned home to Maryland, to live with her parents and raise her daughter. She was singing local dates there when, in 1971, she met singer-guitarist Gram Parsons.

Hint of Passion. At 25, Parsons was already a star of longhair country, who was stretching folk material across thudding rock rhythms. Emmylou had a gift for penetrating to the heart of a lyric. Parsons taught her to sing honky-tonk ballads like his *Sin City*, and soon invited her to Los Angeles to do back-up harmonies for his albums (*GP* and *Grievous Angel*). When Parsons died in 1973, she was personally and professionally devastated. "Gram turned me on to root country, to George Jones with his East Texas twang," she says. "I still try to learn Gram's songs and copy his phrasing." Parsons' musical vision did not produce superhits. Though her records only hint at the kind of passion she sometimes shows in performance, Emmylou seems bound to do so.

SINGER EMMYLOU HARRIS



Ravel Revisited

The New York City Ballet's ambitious "Homage to Ravel" (TIME, May 26) appears to have been a great commercial success: performances of the 16 new ballets based on Maurice Ravel's music played to satisfying sold-out audiences at Lincoln Center. But when it comes to aesthetic values, this exercise in choreographic creativity will have to take the cash and let the credit go.

Of the new productions, only a handful deserve a second viewing. One of them, certainly, is Jerome Robbins' *Concerto in G*, with its fleet, jazzy ensemble footwork and an elegantly lyrical pas de deux for Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins. Two other works by Robbins were also notable. *Ma Mère l'Oye* is a suite of piano pieces illustrating five Mother Goose fairy tales. Robbins uses these old childhood favorites to create a kind of instant, in-joke history of ballet as it might have been written by the Monty Python crew. In retelling the stories Robbins puckishly creates tableaux



SUZANNE FARRELL IN *TZIGANE*
The sexiest lady in ballet.

that parody scenes from such classics as *Swan Lake*, *Sleeping Beauty* and *The Nutcracker*. A parade of slow-moving, sheaf-waving dancers, moreover, suspiciously resembles the static, peasant-like figures in Robbins' own *Watermill*. *Chansons Madecasses* is a remarkable example of Robbins' professional skill at making something out of nothing, since the music (a highly stylized version of Madagascan folk tunes for mezzo-soprano, piano, flute and cello) is all but undanceable.

No fewer than eight of the new works were created by George Balanchine himself. Sadly, his failures involved some of the program's most ambitiously costumed and designed ventures. The most garish was a mod-Gothic rendition of Ravel's funeral *Gaspard de la Nuit*, which looked like an Alwin Nikolais version of life in a heavy leather bar. Illustrating a macabre poem called "The Gibbet," black-clad dancers hung limply from ropes while other members of the corps carried about huge, shield-shaped smoky mirrors that from time to time flashed disconcertingly in the audience's eyes. Balanchine's best was probably *Le Tombeau de Couperin*, in which two quadrilles of eight dancers pranced with military precision through steps evocative of 17th century court dances.

Unquestionably, the star of the Homage was Suzanne Farrell, who was the focus of three ballets: Robbins' *Concerto*, Jacques d'Amboise's *Alborada del Gracioso* and Balanchine's *Tzigane*. The latter two items are fluffy bits of Españolisme, full of torrid lurches and foot-stamping bravura. If nothing else, though, they allowed the long-limbed Miss Farrell to prove that she is the sexiest lady in ballet today. ■ John T. Elson

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